

Esquire

Hugh Hefner:
“What have they
done to the
girl next door?”

(The Skin-Book Boom:
Where will it all end? Page 91)

Exclusive! Nixon
goes to a birthday party

Monty Python's
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Brave thoughts on
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Save
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How
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in black tie
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page 103



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ON SEX, POWER
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THE
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A MYSTERICAL
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KILL YOU)

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BALD AT
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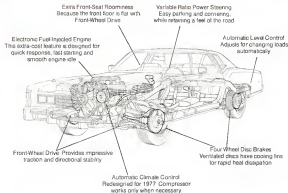
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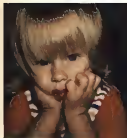
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Esquire

NOVEMBER, 1978

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Picture Credits: page 184.
Cover designed by Indignol, Koppitz & Green Inc.
Cover photographed by Jim McHenry.

Esquire magazine is published monthly by Esquire Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. Esquire magazine is published by Esquire Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. Esquire magazine is published by Esquire Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. Esquire magazine is published by Esquire Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020.

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Washington

TAYLOR BRANCH

Gagging on Deep Throat

I felt lousy about the Throat man from the start. The few who peeped the risk of blowing it was high. Friends said I would be rattled. They said I should put up then the answer on the fly and forget it. Anguish didn't last. The news was strange and dead and I felt like I was walking through a swamp.

I caught a plane to L.A. and arranged to see the Smith. His tip had gotten me into this in the first place. The Smith was busy. But when Deep Throat was working, Nixon used to be in the picture, the Smith had been into Watergate. He was senior enough to walk into the Oval Office and junior enough to run with the young lions in the White House. Nixon called him a bar and got burned.

I asked the Smith to help me get a make on the Throat. It wouldn't be easy. In Washington, people wanted Deep Throat more than Jimmy Hoffa's mauling or Jimmy Carter's fate. They have resigned about it for two years, from bars to newscasts to the White House. There was a long season when they sensed it was Mark Felt, then of the F.B.I. Chuck Cohen was up awhile, then Earl Warren. Fred Barker and Leonard Garment had their fares. So did Pat Gory. Some people have had money on Henry Patterson all along. A Howard Hughes man named Bob Bennett has been making a run lately. Rolling Stone and Playboy inspired him. True but a hint of respect in the case, and they narrowed the field down to featureless suspects. Nobody confessed.

"Everybody's making the same mistake," the Smith said. "They all think it's somebody they've heard of, somebody famous. They think they'll somebody important could have known what Deep Throat told Woodward. That's just wrong. A lot of people in the White House know all that stuff."

"What a mistake," I said. "This guy had to be high up. Only two days after the break-in he told Woodward that Howard Hunt was definitely involved."

The Smith looked sour. "I have to go now, you," he said. "Don't let me resolve what was going on by then. A bunch of staff guys had already

drilled into Hunt's info. Half a dozen people in the personal office had been ordered to search his employment records. The press office was working on a statement to make it sound like we'd never heard of Howard Hunt, Colson, and Ehrlichman were having panic meetings. Secretaries had seen their bosses wearing rubber gloves to keep their fingerprints off Hunt's records. Any serious staff guy with a few contacts could find out what was up. Everybody knew it wasn't innocent. I think Deep Throat ran with the young guys."

"Maybe so," I said. "But Deep Throat sounds like an old proser with a big load on his back. Worried about the country and stuff."



"People in the White House seemed that way at an early age," said the Smith.

I sensed a dead end and decided to take a chance. "You've got to quit playing games," I pleaded. "Only one of those guys went to the press, and I don't know them all. Narrow the odds for me."

The Smith lit a cigarette and looked off. Finally he said, "Gorge."

"Gorge?"

"Yup. Check it out." The Smith would say no more.

I whined to myself on the flight back to Washington. David Gorge is still in the White House, I thought. He was a surprise hero in *The Ford Days*, urging Nixon to do the right thing like almost everybody else.

Nixon seemed to be the only bad guy, and I was surprised. I've supposed to be suspicious. Gorge seemed so obvious and impossible at the same

time. Nixon used him as a confidant to Woodward after Watergate began to break. That was on the tapes. It would take a lot of cold nerve for Gorge to be a double agent for Woodward at the same time. But then the Throat had a lot of nerve whoever he is.

I had to trust the Smith. He had never told me anything wrong. He felt a rush to Deep Throat. They both lurked on Nixon. Now the Smith was advising to me as I could switch on Deep Throat. What a business. I felt a little better because I was tracking a good guy for a change. I wanted Deep Throat to climb the Washington Monument, beat his chest, and introduce himself. Maybe I could make him sleep. I would have to find out more about Gorge.

After about twenty calls, I found a woman who had been a secretary in Kara Stiles. Gorge's residential college back at Yale. She remembered him vaguely. She said Woodward had been a sophomore in the same year when Gorge was a senior. There were about two hundred fifty students in the college. A connection, but not much to go on.

The man who supervised Kara Stiles had left Yale, but he remembered a little more. He described both Woodward and Gorge as persistent, smart, reserved, and ambitious. "There was one special thing about our residential college," he said. "It was almost all single rooms. Our visitors tended to be lower, not faculty. I noticed the other day that The New York Times recommended less books to read this fall, and four of them were written by Kara Stiles men. I'm proud of that."

If I took six hours to trace a guy in New York who had known Gorge well, "White bread," he said.

"White bread?" I asked.

"Yeah, white bread. Kind of Ramsey Clarkish, you know. Dave had a lot of integrity but not much sex appeal. He was a college professor's son up here with all these people awake. He turned down Skell and Basso to go into Muniz."

"What does that mean?"

"It means a lot to a Yale man. You can lose off Skell and Basso the rest of your life. Dave got invited to be a blue blood, but he turned them down.

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TRIUMPH

It was shocking. He came with us in Manchester, which is more of a literary bunch. Most of us wanted to be writers, and we were liberal Democrats to a man. Dan was born in civilian life, was a Terry Sanford Democrat, and he wanted to go into the newspaper business. I did it as he said out. I can't for the life of my fingers eat like he went with those Nixon bastards and then stayed on all this time. Something happened."

Whatever it was, Gergen signed on at the White House early in 1971. He labored like a mule, working past midnight. After only a few months he became workaholic, the managing editor of the *Nixon* writing staff. He planned to stay only a year with the Republicans, but he extended Gergen's friends say he told them there was too much history being made for him to leave.

Woodward, meanwhile, was on the low road. He spent most of 1971 sweating as a \$110-a-week reporter for a county newspaper outside Washington. Lilo Gergen, he pointed his best lead into the night. The two of them got together in Washington. They talked about Yale, journalism, and the White House. Gergen had White House fever, yet he admired Woodward's grit. But as one saw Woodward and Gergen in any paragraph. There were no fingerprints and no admissions. All I had was the *Seifert's* word, some connections, and a lot of talk about how Gergen's M.O. fit Woodward's. I missed up my courage and called Gergen.

The Executive Office Building is a swanky place. Gergen, who now runs the White House Office of Communications, was moving into a big new suite on the first floor. He has a balcony overlooking the White House lawn, and he told me he takes breaks in the afternoon just to stare. The *Seifert's* had told me an office with that view makes a man feel like a million dollars.

I slipped, drank coffee, and made small talk. Finally I told him what the *Seifert's* had said, what I had been up to. I figured he would laugh off the suspicion like the other Deep Throat candidates.

Gergen smiled smugly. "I am not Deep Throat," he said, "but it's more complicated than that." He described his contact with Woodward. It was at the request of the White House. He and he had no contact with Woodward at all between the break-in and the 1972 election, when Deep Throat logged most of his time in the garage.

It was true, he said, that he had helped Woodward on several stories

before Watergate. But he did not remember him from Yale. He said he did not know enough to have been Deep Throat. He was nervous but friendly. I hated the name. He kept talking. "Watergate was one of the most agonizing times in my life. I thought about leaving. I didn't like what was going on. I knew a lot of people say Deep Throat, whoever he is, ought to be stopped. If I don't see it that way I have my own code of honor. If it came out that I am Deep Throat, it would break a lot of personal relationships. You build bonds around here. It's like going through the Minitel together."

The interview stretched into hours. I asked more and he talked. Toward the end he got upset. "I'll do anything to help you press. I'm not Deep Throat. This would hurt my wife and my children. It's no honor on me. You don't have a story. All you have is a lot of speculation."

"This whole game has been speculation," I said. "I won't report more than I have."

"I am truly victimized," he said, looking off. "I think it's outrageous. I've just one more person in a long line that the press has hurt without hard evidence. I think it's malicious." His eyes flared away. He looked hurt and angry. I felt miserable. "I've never called before the Watergate committee or the prosecutors or anybody. To get dragged into this thing now is just..." He stopped. "I tell you it would cause problems for the man I work for."

I assumed he meant Ron Nessen, but I asked anyway.

"No," he said gravely. "The President."

When it was over I figured the odds on Gergen hadn't changed much. It was time to call Woodward. I dreaded it. We were friends. He had just taught me a new lesson of power at his house.

Woodward did not laugh the way he does about Bob Bennett. He said he was making an effort to control his anger. "I don't think it's very noble for one reporter to go after another reporter's source," he said. "You are destroying lives. Stuff like this makes it less likely that other sources will come forward. I just don't think it's necessary."

"I understand that," I said. "But you've made your source into a story. Deep Throat's a big deal. You've got Hal Holbrook playing him in the movies, for Christ's sake. I'm not after your unnamed sources, but I think you give up some claim to protection when you build one up like that."

"I don't think that changes the principle at all," he said. "We were

just trying to let a little light in on how reporters work. That doesn't change anything. Look, I consider you a friend, and I just don't understand it."

He had the knife in and he was walking slowly around me. "I think it's a close call," I said. "Listen, I just wanted to make sure you are going to stand on your ground of not confirming or denying Deep Throat stories. Gergen's going to ask you to deny it."

"I just don't want to start that," said Woodward. "It turns the whole thing into a game of eliminating guesses. We've never done it."

"I understand."

"I'll talk it over with Gergen if he calls. I might consider denying it then."

"Do anything?"

"Well, a chance. As it is, I'm not confirming or denying it now. And I think it would be a mistake for you to interpret this conversation as either a confirmation or a denial in itself."

It's hard to keep the knife straight on these things unless you are Aristotle. While I waited to hear from Gergen or Woodward, several of Gergen's friends called to plead his case. They let it slip that they thought the real Deep Throat is a man known as the *Bureau*, Gergen said the same thing. I promised to check it out.

I ran cross-checks on the *Bureau* at the Library. His employment record had the Seal of a C.I.A. man, which bothered me. I wanted to think of Deep Throat as a tortured good guy instead of some manipulator. A C.I.A. man would scramble the case even more.

The *Bureau* was out of the country. I tracked him to France, then to England, and finally to Scotland. It took hours. The *Bureau* came on the line. He said he was at the scene of the quest for the Loch Ness monster. Somehow that made perfect sense to me. I told the *Bureau* how he could save Gergen from a big mistake by stepping forward.

"I'd like to do that," chuckled the *Bureau*, "but I am not and never have been Deep Throat. It might have been nice, though I've never met Bob Woodward or Carl Bernstein. I was interviewed by one of their reporters for the *First* *Deep*. I was a source for that. And I tell you this: if I had known in 1972 what I found out from Pat Gray later, I might have been some kind of Deep Throat. But I don't think I'd have Woodward in the dark. I would have just called my friends in the press and (Continued on page 42)



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Getting There **RICHARD JOSEPH**

Keeping your vacation healthy

This month I approach my typewriter with more than the usual trepidation because I intend to write about how to keep healthy while traveling, and this is asking for trouble. Doctors, you see, are great travelers, and at the same time they are jealous of their profession; they simply resent amateurs trying to get into their act, and they are eager writers of letters which—if written in their prescription language—no body but a druggist can read.

Some years ago, while writing a guidebook to Rome, I tried to stay close by forming out the beautiful-hints chapter to Dr. Morris Fishbein, who at the time was the editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Did that help? It did not; I got the usual number of "Dear Sir, You said!" letters anyway.

Nevertheless, here goes—with the understanding that my suggestions work for me, and that I'm not prescribing them for anybody, and with the comforting thought that no travel writer has ever been successfully sued for malpractice.

I'm prompted to tackle the subject right now because in this month's issue I have a feature on Mexico (page 74), and Mexico is the country where American travelers seem to get sick most—partially due to the fact that more Americans travel to Mexico than to any other country except Canada, and the incidence of diarrhea, dysentery and other stomach disturbances loosely grouped under the generic nickname of Montezuma's Revenge is high. This is caused primarily by the difference in the bacterial and mineral content of the water in Mexico as compared to the water in most parts of the United States. This doesn't mean that it is necessarily bad—the water served in good Mexican restaurants and hotels is filtered and purified—but it is different, and that difference is often enough to cause stomach upset. It can affect travelers coming from the opposite direction, too—Mexican friends report that when visiting the United States they suffer from similar dysentrias, which they refer to as Parry's Rotabell.

On something over thirty visits to Mexico I've suffered no serious problems other than a relatively light at-

tack of another dysentery, which responded quickly to medication and has never recurred, and which was contained in a trip through the Mexican border. The rest of the time, whatever slight problems I had were dealt of quickly with the help of a couple of pills. For years I took something called *Stano-Tiform* with no problems and I read somewhere that it was supposed to have some adverse side effect; then I switched to Lomoxil, which some grateful American travelers have dubbed Montezuma's Defeat.

There's something the fact that standards of hygiene and sanitation in the Mexican hinterlands aren't yet what they should be, as if you're in a one-cobblestone-street



Indian village called Chiquitlan—disenters or something of the sort, you're crazy if you drink the tap water or eat salad or unspiced and uncooked fruit or vegetables. But even the perfectly good water of the big cities and the resorts can sicken you, so you should drink bottled mineral water, fuzzy or flat, or the wonderful Mexican beer, which for some consumers is reason enough to go to Mexico. During your first few days in Mexico City, though, you ought to take it easy on the beer; the booze, the food and the tourist around, because of the city's 1367-foot altitude. Liqueur carries more authority when you're that high above sea level; your digestion slows down, and you should consider doing likewise.

Come to think of it, that's just about the most useful single piece of advice for any traveler bound abroad where, stomach upsets are the most pervasive traveler's ailment, and they're caused mainly by overeating, overdrinking, eating unfamiliar foods, and eating at unfamiliar tables.

Which brings us to the subject of jet lag, which has very little to do with jets. A more descriptive name would be time-zone lag, because it's caused by the time difference between your departure point and your destination. Thus you're likely to feel a lot more tired after a seven-hour flight from New York to Paris than after a nine-and-a-half-hour flight to Rio because there's only an hour or two time difference between New York and Rio (depending on the season) compared to a five or six hour time difference between New York and Paris. Your daily sleeping, walking, eating, elimination and metabolic patterns are fixed in something called the circadian rhythm, and it is the disturbance of this rhythm by the sudden time-zone changes of a jet-and-a-half-hour flight that causes fatigue and the other symptoms of jet lag. Some doctors believe it takes a day of recovery for every hour of time difference to set you completely right again. Individuals vary in their reactions to circadian disruption, but generally the younger you are and the better your condition, the quicker you'll be to snap back. Nevertheless, it makes sense for any traveler not to take off on a week's vacation without partying or whatever else he might have scheduled for the first couple of days abroad.

Don't overeat or overdrink on the plane. The airline try to provide long-flight service with lumpy and long-drawn-out food and beverage service, but there's nothing more uncomfortable than a big dinner had down helplessly under a seat belt. Do food up on the first or second or third night's mineral water. Local lagers are dehydrating, for some reason I've never been able to figure out, and you'll feel better if you drink a lot. But this is one time when no booze is good news.

Sleeping shots are required now only by some countries in South America, Central Africa and the Near and Far East; most countries, the United States included, require

where, stomach upsets are the most pervasive traveler's ailment, and they're caused mainly by overeating, overdrinking, eating unfamiliar foods, and eating at unfamiliar tables.

Which brings us to the subject of jet lag, which has very little to do with jets. A more descriptive name would be time-zone lag, because it's caused by the time difference between your departure point and your destination. Thus you're likely to feel a lot more tired after a seven-hour flight from New York to Paris than after a nine-and-a-half-hour flight to Rio because there's only an hour or two time difference between New York and Rio (depending on the season) compared to a five or six hour time difference between New York and Paris. Your daily sleeping, walking, eating, elimination and metabolic patterns are fixed in something called the circadian rhythm, and it is the disturbance of this rhythm by the sudden time-zone changes of a jet-and-a-half-hour flight that causes fatigue and the other symptoms of jet lag. Some doctors believe it takes a day of recovery for every hour of time difference to set you completely right again. Individuals vary in their reactions to circadian disruption, but generally the younger you are and the better your condition, the quicker you'll be to snap back. Nevertheless, it makes sense for any traveler not to take off on a week's vacation without partying or whatever else he might have scheduled for the first couple of days abroad.

Don't overeat or overdrink on the plane. The airline try to provide long-flight service with lumpy and long-drawn-out food and beverage service, but there's nothing more uncomfortable than a big dinner had down helplessly under a seat belt. Do food up on the first or second or third night's mineral water. Local lagers are dehydrating, for some reason I've never been able to figure out, and you'll feel better if you drink a lot. But this is one time when no booze is good news.

Sleeping shots are required now only by some countries in South America, Central Africa and the Near and Far East; most countries, the United States included, require

vaccination only if you are returning from an infected area—and Elixapac is about the only plane left where needles, in new packs to assure sterility, are available.

For travelers headed to some of the more exotic tropical destinations, yellow fever and cholera vaccinations are still required and shots for typhoid and dysentery are recommended. None of this, of course, is necessary for European jaunts. If you're exploring the non-Western world, see what your doctor has to say, and if he does recommend some shots get them as well as advice of your departure date.

After more than thirty years on this travel beat, I figure that I've been out of the country a total of more than 3000 days. (Mind, that's about ten months in that time I've visited about six hundred fifteen countries and covered something like three million miles—a distance equal to six round trips to the moon with twice a few north orbits thrown in. In all that time and with all that travel, I've suffered only the above-mentioned attack of acute dysentery and one bout of hepatitis, in which I almost lost the decision. Plus one occasional day lost to severe vertigo of the twenty-four-hour flu and what is usually referred to as "mild stomach upset." I figure I could have done much worse if I had just been hanging around New York all that time.

When I started out in this business I traveled with toothbrush, toothpaste, comb, shaving kit and a bottle of aspirin, but my carry was thirty times heavier than in the meanwhile. I've learned a hard way to rely on what I believe in life insurance, so now I stagger around the world like an itinerant drug salesman. In addition to the whole arsenal of vitamins (if there were more vitamins in the alphabet, I'd probably be popping some vitamin (P)is), my wife has me schlepping around the following stuff in small individual plastic bottles which I dump into a big plastic bag.

First—mucin pills. For the times I feel all puffed up and bloated after an overnight flight.

Salads—for irritated eardrums from the same cause.

Lomolol—for the above-mentioned cold straightjacket.

Endonepp. Esteredol—She's enabled me to kick cold symptoms quickly and to get on with the trip. Tetrahydro—for sudden onset of fever.

Penicillin—if it's not the flu. Ace bandage—my wife insists on this one I don't know, since I've never twisted an ankle while traveling.

Barel-Aids—For cuts, blisters, hangnails and small luggage repairs. Purchaseable almost everywhere, but the ones you get a second shot seem to stick longest.

Pokers push—in slick between an tooth and gum between the time I get a toothache and the time I can get to a dentist. (This too, has never happened.)

Antacid tablets—for the times I'm coveting restaurants, before and after rich, heavy, spicy meals.

Survival compass—for when and where that aspirin can't handle.

Shocking an antibiotic cream to prevent infection from cuts and even bugbites.

Sedation ointment—for eye irritations. (Be sure you get the right kind of Sedation.)

Blackout—if an airline dysentery should ever flare up again, which it hasn't.

Those eye drops—for jet red eyes.

See your doctor about getting a prescription for mild sleeping pills—Laxatives or something of the sort. As a matter of fact, no your doctor about the whole list. (That should forestall some of the letters.) He's the man to tell you when and whether to use them, and which kind. Many travelers do have trouble sleeping—the stimulation of the trip, jet lag and unfamiliar beds are all responsible.

Take along a travel alarm clock. The night's rest of place on a lot of health hards, but it will save an enormous amount of wear and tear on your nervous system. Hotel clerks almost do follow up on wake-up calls about nine times out of ten. But the first of the last time when they don't—and when you have to catch an early plane—will keep you awake the other nine nights.

One travel ailment that's often overlooked is tension. Travel is somewhat like sex in this respect. Both are often prescribed to relieve stress, but each sometimes creates more stress than it gets rid of. Once upon a time doctors almost universally recommended a long trip abroad for patients suffering from nervous tension. But that was in the great days of transatlantic steamship travel, when an ocean voyage was a trip back into the world. The passenger's needs and desires—especially up in first class—were catered to from the moment his cabin steward brought aeris tea to his bedside in the morning until he took his naptime at the bar before a final round around deck. Between times, depending on his age and his agility, he chased girls onto their staterooms or into a smooch lifeboat, or he snoozed the days away

resembled in a deck chair. Five or six days of this were better than six months in a sanatorium.

Nowadays, though, the average traveler is uptight most of the way. He worries about getting to the airport in time to avoid the hazard of being bumped; that he goes through the anti-theft-patrol security scans, which is necessary but irritatingly so; that he pumps nerves. He worries about the airline losing his baggage, and on arrival he worries about whether his confirmed hotel reservation will be honored or whether he'll be caught up in an overcrowding hassle. And the more he worries around on his trip, the greater the tension.

One good way of relieving travel tension is to take a day or a night off every week or so. Spend the day sitting or walking through one small section of the city you're visiting, and at night pass up the restaurants or hotel dining rooms in favor of a quiet room-on-ice dinner of a small steak and vegetables, dessert and coffee.

The best way to prevent vacation travel stress is to study your own individual needs and tastes, to plan your trip accordingly, and to make as many arrangements as possible well in advance. Lying on a palm-fringed beach might sound great at first, but if you're used to any action at all you'd probably find yourself going crazy after two days of it. So try considering some resort life with the stimulation of visiting a new city (which is what we support in this month's Mexico piece). And don't waste precious time abroad trying to be something that you're not. You can spare on devoting three days in the Louvre if you're a New Yorker who has been in the Metropolitan Museum of Art with these times in your life.

If you do reach traveling ahead, you might think about joining the International Association for Medical Assistance to Travelers, headquartered in Toronto and with American offices at 304 Fifth Avenue, New York City. There is no membership fee, but I.A.M.A.T. would appreciate a donation, please. For that they will send you a list of participating flagstop-booking agencies all over the world who have agreed to treat members at a set fee of \$15 for an office visit, \$20 for a visit to their hotel, or \$25 for a hotel visit at night or on Sundays and holidays. Internatic, 777 Third Avenue, New York City, is a similar organization with the same scale of fees. However, it charges membership dues of five dollars a year for individuals and also offers for families. ■

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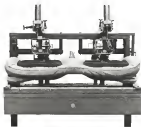


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OUTDOORS

Fishing Papa's river

During July of 1984 and 1985, at the time of the great bull-running fiesta of Pamplona, Ernest Hemingway and assorted friends fished for trout in the Rio Irati, a clear, cold stream which runs high in the Pyrenees and winds down through ancient beech woods and limestone bluffs, past whitewashed, red-roofed Basque villages until it becomes a broad, muddy tributary of the Ebro and joins it to flow through Spain to the sea.

Hemingway always loved the Irati, and never more than in 1984 when the first river-bellied seasons of the rainbow were plentiful. Even after the disaster of 1973, when he and a friend found the Irati destroyed temporarily for fishing by the ecological atrocities of loggers, Hemingway loved it. Eventually he sketched it in *The Sun Also Rises*. His hero, the expatriated John Barnes, grew up as a friend to Bazterri, a village near the Irati, and, like Hemingway, fishes for trout. They have good luck here (important, the place is clean and cold and high, a peaceful place to prepare for the coming San Fermin fiesta in Pamplona, that Gernikah of the plains, where Jake will face his night fears and impossible love of Lady Brett Ashley and the tumult and stretching and much-love fishing violence which both he and Hemingway admit they also love.

Now, for fishermen like me, the Irati-Pamplona stream always has had a powerful appeal. Who could resist the possibilities of good fishing, lightfishing, a seven-day party, maybe even a pregnant one? I made some time in Spain last July. I made what Ernest's critics charge is "A Hemingway Trip." To Pamplona, to Bazterri, to the Irati, trying to see how things were now and how good was the distance between Jake and his creator and me.

The first difference surfaced coming into town. In the 1920's, Pamplona was provincial, a rather quiet market town. Today, instead of Jake's dusty white road passing through grassfields and into the city, you enter on asphalt, past suburban apartment complexes and factories which produce refrigerators, auto parts, air-conditioners, all the appliances of a new industrial so-

ciety. Scattered on masonry walls are the Alcaid signs of the Basque separatists, perhaps differing decorations for the historic Spanish Modern buildings.

But in the old town it is better. The hillside is the same, a traditional circle standing high and whitish near the main square the Plaza Castillo, where Hemingway and Jake stayed in hotels. The plaza itself is mostly unchanged, though its looks were full, and so very French. With me was a novelist, Alfred Doherty, and a fellow Minnesota and outdoorsman, Oliver Good—found success as a peasant. We were three days early for the fiesta, but already the streets were full of Basque singing and dancing the *canciones*.



Ernest was drinking, really very but also much of the Basque specialty called *pachanga*, a sweet, cream-based liqueur which turns your mouth and mind and enough to match the absorption habits and tendencies that symbolize San Fermin. The barrooms were already up for the bull jumping, during the morning corridor down which bulls are leaped each day at seven in the morning to please whoever is macho enough to run in front of them down to the Plaza de Toros. There you run away into the ring with them and play like a snailfish. The running is dangerous. So is the game of *cachanga* in the ring, and almost every year someone is killed badly or killed, but still people do it. Hemingway did and our huddled group, although some say it was a risk.

We followed the same road up to

Bazterri that Ernest and Jake had, up the Pyrenees toward the Pyrenees and France, switching back through the gorge to nearly 5000 feet, past grass and pine and scrub oak and rocks to the ghostly and village of Bazterri, a line of houses strong along the road.

It wasn't hard to find Hemingway's inn. Everyone knew where he had stayed, the Hotel Bazterri, a square white building with green shutters on the north end of town. The innkeeper, a garrulous Basque named Julia, knew Hemingway well, he said. *May hombre*, that was for sure. Yes, he'd stayed there, and it had been sold the June of 1984 he wrote about. But the weather now was fine, warm in the days and cool at night.

My room was like Hemingway's, it seemed: white-glazed oak floor and wainscap, battered furniture, a down comforter on the bed, cream-colored walls with religious pictures on them. Jake did have control beads now, but the bed was just as much as Jake had found.

From the one's window you could look toward the Irati, across the fields to forests and big hills. It was eight kilometers, or "a hell of a hike," as Hemingway had written. Two smaller streams were within a few hundred yards of the hotel, little branches of the Urrebieta River. Jake and Hemingway had dug worms for bait from the bank of the one just behind the inn. The local fishermen, though, told us they preferred flies, that they used over two hundred kinds since there were all sorts of hatches during the seven or eight months of fishing. I remembered that Ernest's friends had used old reliable flies with their success—McGraw's, coachman, yellow Sally. I'd read, too, that Jake Barnes' pal Bill Gordon had taken big fish with McGraw's.

Unfortunately, I was only carrying ultralight, vintage gear. Carry the books said, better take some flies and fish them wet. You might not come trout then, the consensus was, although the Irati had been too good recently. Maybe I should try the down streamer bait?

I did, even though as Jake had said, they "didn't look trouty." But were narrow. (Continued on page 44)

8 sound reasons to buy our new receiver. Plus its sound.



Sony's new, more powerful STR-6800SD receiver should get a warm reception. Because it not only looks different from other receivers, it is different.

It has some features found in more expensive separate components—and other features found nowhere else at all.

1. The most-used controls all in one place. The level control, muting switch, tuning knob and input and tape selectors are all in the upper right-hand corner.

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And MOS FET gives it a very wide dynamic range.

5. Dolby noise reduction system. So you can benefit from Dolby broadcasting. Instead of being an extra, it's built in—operated from the front panel.

6. Phase locked loop. It gives you better stereo separation and less distortion.

7. LDC (low emitter conduction) transistor. This Sony exclusive in the preamp, phono stage yields light RIAA equalization, low noise, low distortion and a wide dynamic range.

8. Sony's most powerful receiver. It delivers 80 watts minimum RMS continuous power per channel at 8 ohms, from 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.15% total harmonic distortion. It has a direct-coupled power amplifier with true complementary symmetry output stages.

And more. To these specifications (remember, we state

them conservatively), add Sony's proven reliability. And you get a receiver that produces a sound that'll make you understand why you have ears.

That's the STR-6800SD at \$600. Or, for less power and a few less features—but no loss of fidelity—the STR-5800SD at \$500 and the STR-4800SD at \$400 (all suggested retail prices).

A sound investment.



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Only Technics gives you the world's most precise drive system all these ways.

Technics direct drive. Radio stations use it. Discs abuse it. And now you can get it in virtually any kind of turntable you want. Because Technics puts direct drive into more kinds of turntables than anyone else.

You'll find it in three manuals that start at under \$200* with the SL-1500.

Or for a little more money you can get a lot more convenience with our newest turntable, the semi-automatic SL-1400. The world's first turntable with a one-chip 321 element IC. That gets the platter to exact speed in only 1/3 of a revolution. There is also the fully automatic single disc SL-1300. And the world's first direct-drive changer, the SL-1350.

But there's a lot more to Technics direct drive than just more kinds of turntables. There's also more precision, better performance and greater reliability.

Because in our direct-drive system the platter is an extension of the motor shaft. That means there aren't any belts, gears or idlers to produce variations in speed. And that means all our turntables have less than 0.03% wow and flutter (WRMS), 0.04% for the SL-1350.

You'll also find an electronically controlled DC motor that spins at exactly 33 1/3 or 45 RPM. Regardless of fluctuations in AC line voltage or frequency. What's more, unlike high-speed, ramble-producing motors, our motor introduces so little vibration into the system that any rumble remains inaudible (—70 db DIN fig.).

And it doesn't matter which Technics turntable you choose. Because they all have the extras you need. Like variable pitch controls. A built-in strobe scope. Viscous damping cueing. Feedback-insulated legs. As well as a dust cover and integral base.

So if you want a turntable good enough for professionals, get the turntables radio stations use and discs abuse. Technics direct drive.

*Suggested retail price

Technics
by Panasonic

SL-1400

SL-1300

SL-1500

SL-1370

SL-1350

SL-1100A



Direct Drive System

by Leonard Feldman

AUDIO UPGRADE

How to get the weak parts out of your system

The old saw about a chain being no stronger than its weakest link applies particularly to a hi-fi component system. Since most hi-fi systems include at least a stereo receiver (the electronic heart of the sound-reproducing chain which takes care of FM radio reception, handling of phonograph records and, in some cases, the sounds recorded on tape equipment),

Leonard Feldman runs his own hi-fi laboratory. He is the author of six books on audio.

a pair of loudspeakers and a record player, any one of these components may be limiting the overall quality of the sounds you hear if it isn't optimally matched to the others.

Happily, because component hi-fi systems use a building-block approach, the matching of one component with the others need not mean that you have to swap your entire audio investment and start all over again. Depending upon what problems you're having, changing just one of these components can result



Bad sound is an unnecessary evil.

To hear music beautifully reproduced in the home is one of life's most pleasurable experiences.

It's also a pleasure that 8 out of 10 Americans have never experienced.

Unfortunately, most people still listen to music

generally a blight on the ears.

Some people pick up nifty all-in-one stereo compacts they believe will give them good, high-fidelity sound. But a visit to a reputable high-fidelity dealer will quickly shatter that belief. Because only there will you hear *true* high fidelity and come to realize just how inadequate everything else is.

The simple truth is that only real high fidelity will give you real high-fidelity sound. That means separate component pieces: receivers, turntables, tape decks and speakers, each designed to do its job perfectly.

Pioneer makes more different

high-fidelity components than anybody. In fact, we're the leading high-fidelity manufacturer in the world today.

If you don't own some Pioneer components, or some of similar quality (such as that made by Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui and a handful of other dedicated companies) you're probably listening to bad sound. And it's so unnecessary. Today, in 1976, good hi-fi



This may be stereo.
But it's not high fidelity.

components (as opposed to had "no-name" stereo systems which are ridiculously low-priced and provide sound to match) cost no more than many unsatisfactory alternatives.

True, you can assemble a super Pioneer system that costs more than an automobile. But that's equipment designed for the high-fidelity purist to whom expense is no object.

On the other hand, the Pioneer receiver, turntable and speakers shown here cost about the same as the console pictured at left. And when it comes to sound, there's no comparison.

Pioneer also makes equipment that costs still less. So for a few dollars more than a plastic compact, you can have life-size and life-like sound the compact could never deliver.

You see, bad sound is not only unnecessary. It's unjustifiable.

Avoid buying cheap "no-name" stereo or a play like this or you'll end up with no-quality sound.



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For a brochure describing the full line of Pioneer high-fidelity components and their capabilities, write us. To hear our sound with your own ears, visit your Pioneer dealer.

PIONEER
Anyone can hear the difference.



Good for news.
Bad at music.

played through dinky kitchen radios that weren't intended for accurate music reproduction in the first place.

Or they invest in "magnificent mediterranean fruitwood stereo consoles" which may be easy on the eyes but are



The 2000 worth of
fruitwood looks good. The
3200 worth of electronics
sounds bad.

Audio Upgrade

at a great audio improvement of your entire sound system. The first sign is a distortion which may or might be the culprit. A few simple listening tests and observations can help you to do this. Once you've decided which component needs upgrading and why, all that remains is to choose a better substitute component that will correct your sound problems. We'll offer some recommendations of products that may do the trick or which, at least, can steer you in the right direction.

HOW TO KNOW IF YOU NEED NEW SPEAKERS

The single component that has the greatest bearing on the way your hi-fi set sounds is the pair of loudspeakers. When you stop to think of it, all you really hear are the loudspeakers. Manufacturers delight in talking about the various "sounds" determined by their tuners, receivers, amplifiers, phono pickups and such, but these components don't produce sound at all. They simply deliver or amplify electrical signals. Matching your hi-fi receiver (or amplifier and tuner, if you happen to own separate electronic components of that sort) to your speakers is the trickiest step in assembling a well-matched component hi-fi system. Some speakers demand a great deal of audio power fed into them before they can deliver adequate sound levels. Such speakers are said to have low efficiency (small, totally sealed "bookshelf" types, sometimes called "near-monitors" or acoustic suspension speakers, belong in this category) and while they may be capable of reproducing sound with great musical accuracy,

your receiver may not be able to deliver enough power to them. Do you find yourself turning up the volume control nearly all the way without reaching satisfying loudness levels? When you push up volume control, does the sound become noticeably distorted or muddy and vague? If so, chances are you are underpowering your speakers. The distorted sound you hear as you attempt to raise the loudness level is caused by the receiver's (or the amplifier's) inability to deliver more power without overloading and altering the signal content and wave shapes of the music you are trying to reproduce. If you are otherwise happy with the controls and features of your receiver, consider purchasing and substituting a more efficient pair of loudspeakers. The first pair of need not be discarded, but can be moved to a second listening location, such as a bedroom or den, where loud listening levels may be less important.

Another problem you may have chosen a receiver as powerful that even a slight movement of its volume control overloads your speakers and breaks up your sound. In some instances, over-powerful receivers have been known to damage or destroy speakers not selected to accept such high audio power levels. In this case a less efficient pair of speakers, a pair that can handle high power levels, may solve the problem.

Choosing loudspeakers is unavoidably subjective, no two music lovers exactly alike. In judging sound, it is best to evaluate two pairs at a time, switching quickly from one pair to the other while listening to music with which you are thoroughly familiar. Note also the loudness level of each is the same, by process of elimination, zero in on the pair that

has the proper power-handling capacity and efficiency to match your existing electronics.

SOME SPECIFIC SUGGESTIONS

Quite a few speakers have been tested, here are several suggestions for consideration. There is much more quality in the market, so shop around. These, though, may serve as your starting point. Three of these selected should do wonders for the low-powered receiver you may now own, while the other three, of lower relative efficiency and higher power-handling capability, will safely handle signals that might now be overpowering your present speakers.

The B & K Forsyte 6 system, carrying a suggested list price of \$585, is one of the more efficient speakers ever produced. Just a few watts of receiver or amplifier power applied to this model can send rock-music fans into ecstasy. You'll think you've quadrupled your electronic power when you listen to this one.

Long a favorite for its ability to re-create musical passages, the J. L. Langmuir's (JLL) model L-100 at around \$325, first gained its reputation in recording studios and with a host of pop-music fans, though it does just as well with other kinds of music. Utilizing a ported, or bass-reflex, construction, the L-100 is highly efficient and can make your twenty- or thirty-watt receiver sound like it's delivering much more power than that.

Small enough to fit on a shelf, Electro-Voice Inc.'s Interface II speakers are sold as a pair and include a small electronic equalizer box that responds



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Audio Upgrade

a bit more low-frequency bass out of them than would otherwise be possible. A passive extra cone in these \$325-per-pair models substitutes for a much larger port or duct that would otherwise be required to obtain the same response and efficiency.

If your problem has been one of too much power for the speakers you're now using, you might want to listen to Acoustic Research's new AR-12, which retails for around \$225. This four-standing-tall model enclosure can handle the power your receiver delivers and translate it into clear, uncolored bass, balanced midrange and clear, transparent highs.

Another system that seeks to power and requires little space is the Bose 901 series, at \$638 per pair. Supplied with an electronic equalizer that must be connected to your receiver, the Bose 901s require careful placement, but with a bit of compensating they can produce sounds that belie their relatively small size.

Not tending to dig in, the Advent Loudspeaker, at around \$335, has two bass drivers and subwoofers built for its faithful sound-reproduction capabilities and for its budget price. There's a smaller version, known as the Advent Beak, that sells for under \$100, if you're ready to settle for small, and built-in, two-speaker sealed enclosures or monitor speakers designed at their very best.

WOULD A NEW STEREO RECEIVER HELP?

Since almost any receiver can be mated with an appropriate speaker, one good reason to consider replacing your present electronics would be for more control features

and flexibility. If your receiver is of recent take vintage and is at the service shop more than at home—well, that's an even stronger reason.

Modern-day stereo receivers offer control and switching flexibility that was once only obtainable in separate amplifiers, preamplifiers and tuners. If you plan to replace that early model with a more updated counterpart, don't overlook such niceties as better and more precise tone controls.

If tape recording has become part of your sound hobby, look for tape monitoring and dubbing facilities (which simplify recording and playback from any program source or from tape machine to another).

Two pairs of phono inputs are handy if you own, or plan to own, more than one record player (a must for operating your personal home discs). In short, there's more to a modern stereo receiver than just its power output. One of the half-dozen offerings of leading receiver manufacturers that we've selected may well serve to convert your stereo system into what you had always hoped it could be.

If higher power plus control features is what you're after, U.S. Pioneer's 160-watt-per-channel receiver or Technics' 145-watt-per-channel unit are worth considering. The Pioneer SC-1210 and the Technics SA-5700 sell for between \$800 and \$900. Two-war tape monitoring and dubbing facilities plus dual phono inputs are features, as are selectable time-related functions (which make local components more precise) along with precision stop-volume controls and more. There's even a special switch that lowers volume by a foot amount when you have to answer the phone!

Equally equipped, Model 2555, at around \$900, is the top-powered (135

watts per channel) unit offered by Harman. Its lower power is offset by the built-in Dolby noise-reduction system, important if FM stations in your area have begun to use that technique that reduces background noise and increases the dynamic range of transmitted music. In case your older tape equipment lacks built-in Dolby, you can use the Dolby circuitry of this receiver to play back Dolby-coded tapes as well.

Shoock's top model \$990 boasts 110 watts per channel, enough for all but the most power-hungry speaker installations. In addition to its vast array of control and switching features, there are a pair of meters that tell you how much power you're actually delivering to your speakers at all times, a monophasic input for single-tape or play-along and two head-phone jacks for shared listening.

If you can do without these extra tone-control frills but still want only watts of audio power per channel, there's Harman's mid-priced KR-5600 at around \$480. An interesting feature that Kenwood calls "acoustic boost" overcomes bass and mid-frequency losses to overcome speaker deficiencies and give program material added presence. A "tape-through" circuit lets you listen to cassettes from one source to another while listening to a completely different program source, such as records or FM.

A family of new receivers from JVC eliminates all those relay hassles from their front panels, substituting a series of sensitive operating slide controls and push buttons. Their model JR-8400, at around \$900, has as few as three separate tone controls, which form a "profile" or "equalizer" that prevents precise total tailoring of as many individual ap-



The Rodspeaker.

When Rod moved into his new home, he wanted the best speakers he could get—and that meant hiring top audio crew without Rick Rod to design and assemble them.

For years, Absorbing's row lines components have been the choice of people who later for a long—and Rick knew that. So he got to work and created a system for Rod using Absorbing amplifiers and speaker components.

When it was finished, Rod had a listen—and that famous Scottish smile spread from ear to ear.

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For more good news, contact the author, or call your own stereo system. You can also get a free catalog. We'll give you a free catalog and let you know the price you're paying for the best. Contact: Absorbing Products Division, 1514 S. Main Street, Anaheim, CA 92703.



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Audio Upgrade

range of the audio spectrum. You can compensate for less-than-ideal room acoustics and other component deficiencies with this arrangement. Many audiophiles have taken to adding it to their systems as a separate component.

WHEN IS IT TIME TO UPGRADE YOUR RECORD PLAYER?

If you bought your first hi-fi components more than a few years ago, the record player was probably called a "changer." Today, that term connotes inferior record handling. Your old spinner may be equipped with a heavy-tracking cartridge or stylus that erodes the grooves of your records. Heavy downward tracking force was the unfortunate effect of friction arms that had high levels of friction and poor pivoting arrangements.

Unwavering rotational speed and maximum vibration or "rumble" are

the qualities to look for in a good turntable, be it a single-play or a multiple-play unit. If you decide to replace your turntable system, you'll want to replace the phono cartridge or pickup, too, choosing one that requires low tracking force (around one gram or a little higher, depending upon how much you're prepared to spend). Choosing a new phono cartridge to go with your new turntable is a few are equipped already installed, but most are not; involves an important decision as your selection of speakers. A few brand names that have gained worldwide respect in the area are ABC, Audio-Teknic, R & D, Empire, Pickering, Shure and Stanton. Each has models that will work best with the turntable system you choose, and dealers can help you make the right choice for compatible operation of the pickup in the tone arm.

Once you've decided whether you want the convenience of changing several records at once or whether

you prefer a single-play machine, other things to look for are convenience features such as automatic shutoff, speed indication, cone lifting and lowering and the tone arm on the record without having to handle physically the delicate arm and cartridge) and, of course, such basic specs as rumble (the higher the dB number the better), wow and flutter (the lower the percentage the better) and speed accuracy and adjustment facilities.

Our five choices include two strictly single-play machines and three multiple-play systems. Many of their features are duplicated in competing models which should be surveyed if you plan to update your record-playing equipment.

A cross between a computer and a turntable, ABC's new *Centric 6000* is the first of its kind. It can program the kinds or selections of a record in any sequence you like by picking up selected light beams which are the basis of the machine's ability to



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All in all the Sansui 9090 represents what is probably the most advanced receiver available today. Watt for watt, feature for feature, dollar for dollar, an almost unbelievable value.

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Try, and then buy, one of the new Sansui receivers at your favorite Sansui franchised dealer today. You will be glad you did. For years to come.

*The value shown is for informational purposes only. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Sansui dealer of his option.



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Sansui

Audio Upgrade

"count" bands. A hand-held remote control unit resembling a pocket calculator lets you program playing sequence from the comfort of your easy chair while you rest the record jacket. Acoustix's price: \$350.

Designed primarily as a manual or single-play machine, the belt-driven B.I.C. 986 doubles as a record changer, handling up to six discs sequentially. A single programing lever determines number of plays, up to six. Thus, one record could be played six times automatically, while with more records (but less than six), the last record could be programmed to play more than once. The first machine to combine belt drive with record changing, its tone arm has low friction and many adjustment features which make it suitable for use with any high-grade cartridge. The 986, priced at around \$200, is flanked by the higher-priced model \$600 and a lower-priced model 940, which offer many of the same features.

"Automatic" and "single play" are not conflicting terms when applied to U.S. Pioneer's PL-600 turntable system, about \$224. Separate motors drive the turntable platter and the return motion of the tone arm. Wow and flutter are a low .01 percent and rumble content is a virtually inaudible -79 dB.

A multiphase system with the performance of Dual's 1249 wasn't possible a few years ago. Today this belt-driven system powered by an eight-pole synchronous motor (for speed accuracy that's independent of line-voltage fluctuations) rivals the specifications of even the very best single-play or manual machines. Its tone arm has extremely low friction—so low, in fact, that it could track record grooves at as little as one quarter gram of downward force (if ever a cartridge this sensitive were developed). The 1249 is priced at \$236.

Direct-drive turntables, using slow-speed motors that rotate at the

required 30 1/2 or 45 r.p.m. speeds without pulleys or belts have, until recently, been found only in single-play machines. Technica by Pioneer has managed to combine this kind of drive system with dual-changin' convenience in its SL-1356 turntable system, \$349. Repeat play is also featured and short manual or changer-type motor splashes applied are interchangeable. Speed is adjustable over a two percent range, to permit playing along if your musical instrument is slightly off-key. *

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Nagano musical technology is also highlighted in our superlative TC-806GL and TC-800D stereo cassette decks, offering cassette convenience with performance rivalling that of some of the finest open reel decks.

To satisfy the most sophisticated recording, both the TC-800GL and TC-800D offer incredibly low 4000:1 wow-and-flutter, Dolby® Noise Reduction, and Variable Pitch Control. (The TC-800D can even be used for remote recording.) But,

you don't like to do a lot of fiddling around, both models offer automatic convenience features like Auto Trunk Start, Auto Stop, Auto Mirror Recall, and Auto Switching for Cell tone.

Also showing Mr. McIlrath's touch, the functional wedge styling and integrated controls of these cassette decks give you easy control and visibility from any sitting, sitting, or reclining position.

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 YAMAHA

ROY BLOUNT JR.

How to sportswrite good

I read with pleasure nearly every turn of sports writing, from *Tar McGraw's* Scripps comic strip to *Elmer Fisherman's*, a black writing column in *The New Pittsburgh Courier*. Scripps once awarded a minor writing prize to a black sports writer, "I can't believe it! It's too good to be true!" All I do is sit on my hands for nine innings and we plaster Pittsburgh nine-wins!! [Pause] Just think what we could do if I sat on my feds!!

I saw *The Sporting News* for great passages, like this one from a story about an Oracle hat boy who had books instead of fingers: "He is going to major in mathematics. I could have told him that it's hard to become good in mathematics when you don't have any fingers to count on, and I'm sure he would have gotten a stern lecture out of it." Sports writing is like country music: it is sometimes very good, and sometimes when it is really bad it is even better. And it can be largely silly and generously worth something at the same time.

But I don't want to read any books about sports. That is what two recent books—*Sports in America*, by James Hinchman, and *The Joy of Sports*, by Michael Navak—look like to me: more. Well, I would read a book about some particular aspect of sports—*The Double in America* or *The Joy of Betting Odds*. I would cherish a nice snappy treatment that knocked sports, in essence, right into the creek, as did R.C.L.C. columnist Moses Williams and incidentally on a recent *ESPN* TV special, when he criticized the city of Atlanta for allowing tax money to a golf course: "Does some grass to knock a ball on when there are people in the streets robbing for food?"

But I don't want to read anything in which somebody steps back and takes a long view of sport as something it is. *Right Time We Paced Up to the Big Picture* and *Tony Danza's* opinion of, or *Why We Like to Watch People Spring Through the Air* and *Lead in a Hop*. *Black's* everybody always down through the ages had to watch people spring through the air and lead in a hop? I'd rather read *The Wit and Wisdom of Henry Adams* or *Amos the Jew* or *How to Write the End of Neil Gaiman*.

A while back, there was even a flurry of writing—on *Quincy*, *Mart*, the *Los Angeles Times* and probably *Playboy* and *Proletarian Life*—about sports writing. Writing about sports writing seemed an odd exercise. The jump were taking to catch worms, but I enjoyed it when it didn't get too abstract. Sportswriters have interesting day-to-day problems. Consider Ted Colton, then of the *McLuskey*, *Pennsylvania Daily News*, being chased through the Three Rivers Stadium parking lot by a white state trooper in club, led by a man in a profile suit, for picking Cleveland to take the A.P. Central or *Free* *Arbitration of Management*, starting plenty into the Pittsburgh locker room after last year's Super Bowl.



surviving the publisher and saying, "I can't stand to look at a team that hasn't beaten the spread and thinks it's one."

I don't guess anyone is going to make a movie about an intrigued pair of sportswriters. In sports novels sportswriters are always wrong or drunk or snobs or both, or all four. In life they are often about straight men. A writer asked Alex Johnson, then with the *Cincinnati Reds*, "Alex, you hit only two homers all last year, and this season you already have seven. What's the difference?" And Alex answered, "Five." Once Bill Bradley's wife response to a reporter who asked him why the Knicks had fired him one hundred dollars was, "You have a stupid job."

But when Henry Aaron dumped starliners on Frank Hyland of *The Atlanta Journal* for something Hyland wrote, Hyland got letters of

support "from every redneck in the country. One even wanted me to run for President," Hyland told me one spring training, when I found myself talking with him at the same time, him and Pat Levinson of *The Pittsburgh Press*, whom *Mean Joe Greene* once spat on. For his part, Levinson offered to shoot Greene for him, but Levinson had to go.

I am trying to conceive of a life movie action scene in which sportswriters would be central, I mean one where the sportswriters wouldn't have spit or starliners all over them. Sportswriters can be good vicious drinking partners. "Stop calling me an asshole!" I remember one scribbler yelling to another at the height of a gross debate during dinner (paid for by the team we were covering) in a fancy San Francisco restaurant. "It's on your side and you're calling me an asshole!"

In his new book, Michael Navak proposes that "newspaper and magazine writers, regarding their faith in words, should describe the contents on the field as if on one watched television. . . . The human spirit needs words, needs the story, the myth, and the bite of words, and there all the capacity of words to go beneath surfaces, their power to pull aside veils and uncover unsuspected dimensions of human striving. Many regions of athletic experience have scarcely been explored."

Right. But I wonder whether Navak has any real sense of the linguistic problems sportswriters are up against. When athletes speak most naturally about what they do, they tend to use graphic, unlearned language. "I'm gonna be right up in his mouth," said Joe Frazier. "That pitch I threw, the muscle stay back, the knee keep pump." Lum Thant said, explaining how something snapped in his arm: "Athletes on even say a quick metaphor on you. The Redskins' Larry Brown, asked which runner he has modeled himself on, said: 'I've watched Kelly. He was an out-of-sight runner. I can't have the moves that Kelly has. I can't create the moves that Stayers made. I have my own style. I wish to be my own man. When I was a kid I used to watch Jimmy Brown and all

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There's a certain kind of spirit in the air that night. These things are dirty and defiant. Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out, yet the world may live in the end. It's a miracle.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

In this issue you'll notice the appearance of two new columns: Roy Blount Jr. and D. Keith Mason, writing about sports and books, respectively. We're pleased to welcome both of them and this month we'd like to tell you a little about Blount. Next month we'll handle Mason.

Mason takes over from Joan Stafford, who will continue to write for us whenever a subject appeals to her. Blount replaces Roger Kahn, who has been Esquire's family for 20 years. Kahn will now be writing, still about sports, for *Time* magazine and is at work on a book we hope will be as fun as *The Boys of Summer*. He was always a true friend and we shall remember him warmly.

One reason for favoring Blount over Mason is this month's introduction to that Roy just took on a new title as well as a new job. He was head enough to write a couple of Esquire editions up to Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the wedding one hot day last August and we were unimpressed enough with New York to take him up on it.

It was a great wedding. Roy—or Elroy, as his friends sometimes call him—was splendid in blue suit and Ayer brown shoes. His bride was the former Joan Ackerman, whose mother was once the mayor of Cambridge—proving that even a single sportswriter from Decatur, Georgia, can rise above his origins. Joan was lovely. Elroy's brother-in-law, Gerald O'Leary, was there, he's the one who came up with the idea for Larry L. King's piece in this issue. We *Are! Foul! N! Novel!* (page 86). How Gerald came up with the title is this: He and Elroy were sitting watching Jimmy Carter make his acceptance speech and when Carter came to that line about the *Eye-Idlers*, Gerald came up off the couch shouting at the heavens, "We ain't trash no more!"

(Gerald, it should be remembered, is a confederate of English at Kenyon College.)

Roy came by the office a few days later and told us the story. Being New Yorkers, we slake it and used it. (Which Gerald was not going to let Editor Les Frenkelberg forget.) Right after the wedding, during introductions to the party of the Episcopal church, Gerald came on stage: "You

New York boys thank anything anybody says, you can just take it and use it. You gonna have to give me credit now."

Roy said, "Aw, just put him on the cover."

All was forgiven and we went across the street for the reception. Some of us went across the river two or three times along to a faculty map (which Blount certainly had nothing to do with). One of the party, we took Elroy—that's what some of his friends call him after he or they have had a few drinks—all in the corner for a serious reformer. There was no telling when we'd get another chance.

Q: So tell us, Roy, where were you before you came to Esquire?

A: Sports Illustrated.

Q: And how long were you there?

A: Let's see. Eight years, altogether.

Q: And before that?

A: Before that I wrote for *The Atlantic Journal*. And before that I went to Harvard and got a master's degree in English.

Q: You're kidding.

A: Sure, I'm not. I was the taken Southerner that year. They told me I didn't have to take any courses just sort of hang around. But I told them if I was going to do it, then I was going to do it right.

About the only thing left to add to this introduction to Roy Blount is this: He is the author of *About Three Drinks Sky of a Lord*, a fine book about the Beatles, and he also has a story in our dirty magazine in this issue (*Where Was They Go From Here?*, page 88). Any man who cares both about sports and books got his fingers on the pulse of America.

We'd like to correct an oversight. Last month's weekend sports section contained some new games for Frisbee players. We found them in an early manuscript of *Malvina Fernies's* *Circle in Kites*, *Traps and Other Childhood Divisions* by Paul Dickson. We neglected to credit the author on this page last month. We do so now. Also we encourage you to pick up the book when it comes out this spring from New American Library. There's lots more delightful material where the Fernies stuff came from. —G.N.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO LOVE TO DRIVE.

We realize that, for some of you, driving an automobile is about as exhilarating as riding an escalator. That's sad.

Because with the right kind of car in your hands, the act of driving can be one of the truly pleasant things you do each day.

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D. KEITH MANO

The ten percent solution: David Obet, superagent

Night. You've eaten the whole thing again. It clogs on your stomach. The gusted grapes! The following people appear in a recent drama. Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward. John Dean. Victor Marshall. Bob Woodward and Mary Hartman. Mary Hartman. David Eisenhower. Herb Stein and The Silver Surfer. Joe Darus. John Wilkerson. Taylor Branch. Nathan Aldrich Jr. Julie Nixon Eisenhower. Mary Jo Dean and Marjory Thor. Don't say the wife awake. You're not dreaming; what you're got is just part of David (Superagent) Obet's client list. As one author told me, "David's P.T. Barnum. He has elephants and madrats and high-wire acts. A fan mail sort of: there's quality and, boy, there's schlock."

Obet is a hairy man. The name seems somehow nonsensical: Obet. Omit. Oat. But he wears his hair like a suspended bear head. As an agent, he could afford to take off at least ten percent. The beard is full; it hangs like a swarm of black army ants asleep. Obet's big front teeth appear prominent, saying "Cheese!" they reveal you of several genera incisors in a two-year-old mouth. And those wisk, humped eyes: worth one Beemer each. I'd rent Obet to look at me for thirty seconds before bedtime. There's something odd, you sense it: the minute you enter his wide, square office Obet sits, rock-fisted, just thirty years old, likable, gentle—until his back to the door. How many associations can you name who offer you as big a first one as David Obet? Obet doesn't mind: he'd rather gaze out of his Madison Avenue window. Anyhow, why shouldn't Obet trust? On his random way through life David Obet stepped up, keeps stepping it, and keeps looking. From his home in Waterbury he has collected a nice commission on America's disgrace.

One client says, "David is like a very good-natured bullter. I mean, he's a really sweet guy. But he just isn't serious. And another: 'You know about the McDonald's problem?' David was in San Francisco where there was a convention of McDonald's managers and he brought this McDonald's blue linen right off of a guy's back. You come to a big publisher—you're okay and nervous—

and your agent goes off to negotiate in this McDonald's blazer. It was David's way of saying, 'I'm not for real. It's also in a way, too. But I don't think you can play that kind of game forever.'"

He grew up in Culver City, California, where "my grand ambition was to get out of high school so I could go to the beach." Obet had some college; then, on an impulse, decided he would take up Chinese. "I went to Taiwan. I met a Chinese woman and we moved in together—there's the best way to study Chinese affairs. I'm still a white at restaurants. But then, after another two years, I got in a little trouble; the girl's parents were not real happy."

Obet laughed and made a face



mouth back home without his informal diploma. In 1969 he hit Berkeley, where he proceeded to invent the Bumpkin News Service. "We were trying to tell people the real story of the Vietnam war. I couldn't do it out of Berkeley very well so I came to Washington and met Seymour Mervin. The second story he did for the news service was My Lai. And that's how I got into media. About a year afterward Washington became the hottest place in the country. Through the news service I had access to editors and reporters and they came to me with book ideas. I stumbled through the early ones. There was a kind of spark between the news service and the literary agency starting. Some of the books did well and that started an avalanche. It was never planned. The news service wasn't planned. Going into Chinese studies wasn't

that well planned. I really wanted to be an environmentalist-speak operative when I was a kid. Now I want to own a baseball club. In five years or so I'd like to buy the Orioles and move them to Washington, D.C."

"I knew Carl Bernstein from The Washington Post. He had done a series on the hype business; you know, notebook covers, Write Away and You Can Learn a Career in Your Own Home. I thought it would make a good book, but we never got it to market. A year later Carl called me to ask if the Wintrop's staff could be a book. I said, 'Yeah, sure.' So Bob and Carl and I stayed up most of one night putting a proposal together. I showed it around to three or four houses and nobody was interested. Then I convinced Dick Snyder of Simon and Schuster to talk to the guys down in Washington. They met with him the day they broke that Rubenstein story that didn't hold up. They came in and they were just frantic, they couldn't sit still. Snyder thought they were nice guys, but he wasn't that interested. Then I got an offer from another house. I called Bob and said, 'If I'm ever going to be broke with you, you really have to buy this one.' He said, 'Let me call you back.' I said, 'No. You have to say yes or no right now.' I've never done that before or since. And he said, 'Okay.' Since then I've probably done a disproportionate amount of business with Simon and Schuster."

Obet laughs. "Yeah. I'd say basically Dick owes his entire career to me." This column will start sounding like a true photograph when I mention the record-then-on his charts, many of them—and editors and publishers—suspect that David Obet is semi-permanently out to lunch. Discrepancy: man, you might as well depend on a husband girl who works by the Dewey decimal system. Yet no one would let me see his or her name, not from fear of reprisal, but because they sincerely like David Obet. They wouldn't want to hurt his feelings.

On one hand you just see him, on the other he's with a bad agent. "You don't have correspondence or feedback; you're never sure what's going on." "You don't get the feeling that you're in a very structured agent-writer relationship. It kind of puts this..." (Continued on page 42)

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Grits HARRY CREWS

Reminiscences of a blind muleman

I was right in the middle of a little town in north Georgia called Ashburn where my mother now lives with about the best man I've ever known, named Alfred Turner, whom she married after my brother and I were grown. There where she has had twenty of the happiest years of her life. I was walking slowly at the tag end of the day when I suddenly smelled the very thing I had been thinking about, preoccupied with, once again, water.

In 1890 there were half a million mules in the state of Georgia. You'd need a private detective to find one today. I slowly turned my head and there across the street was a little black building with wide wooden gates. Over the gates were the words—Gated but still clear enough to read—SHINGLER MULE CO. FOUNDED 1890. It was jammed right up against a glass and brick department store. There was a modern, handsome bank within shouting distance. All around the Shingler Mule Co. was what the South was trying to become. And there, stark right in the middle of it, was the South was trying to forget it had ever been.

If I had a nickel for every step I followed a mule in a field, me and everybody smelling this could retire. The mules raised as and then released 'em and had 'em to sleep. I know this is beginning to sound sentimental. But wait, I promise it goes much deeper than sentimentality. My stepdaddy, Alfred Turner, when I spoke of earlier and who in sixty years old, has a yellowed photograph of his family when he was a little boy. It is obviously a Sunday picture, posed, with all of them standing in the self-conscious way of folks not accustomed to ever looking into a camera.

They are standing in front of a farmhouse, and there is no doubt that in the time it was taken, it was a serious picture. And right in the middle of the picture with the family is a mule. I've never seen Alfred Turner take that picture out and show it to anybody without saying—without the first words out of a mouth being: "Now him right there is Logan." His shape points to the mule, Unkirked and handsome as only a fine mule can be, long ears

raised and stuck forward, "That's Logan. And he raised a child." And he raised an orphan, God, I love it.

I started across the street to the Shingler Mule Co., but I wasn't half-way there before I knew that what I'd been smelling was horse, not mule. I didn't have to look inside, and nobody had to tell me there was not a mule made in that barn. There's a subtle but very real difference between the smell of a horse and a mule. To me, at least, they both smell good: their sweat, their hides, the steaky musk that comes off their sweat skin, everything about them. But the difference is real and it made me feel the sickest kind of stranger.



In my own country to think I'd missed it.

Where I grew up horses were rare. They were playthings few people could afford. Mine were the workhorses. Mules bought the baby's shoes and put grills on the table.

Farmers in the South didn't plow mules (trained of horses only because mules were cheaper). Farmers worked mules (mated of horses because horses are so goddamn dumb and clumsy and they have so stanzas in front of a plow).

A horse doesn't care where he puts his feet. A mule puts his foot down exactly where he wants to put it. A mule will walk all day, straight as a plumb line, setting his feet only inches from your feet less than a foot high and never stepping on a plant. A horse walks all over everything. A horse just doesn't give a damn.

I walked into the cool, dim, hip-smelling barn. I stood in front of a little office was a row of chairs, a few ladder-backs and a rocker. Sitting in the rocker was a big black man wearing a straw hat and overalls.

"Hi," he said. "Come in and set down." The way he spoke he might have known me forever. "How you makin' it today?"

"I guess I'll be all right," I said. "Just wanted to stop in and look. Ain't seen a mule born in a long time." He sat watching me, smiling, nodding his head. "When I was a boy, my uncle owned the mule barn in Alma."

"Alma?" he said. "That's over in Bacon County," I said.

"That be Mr. Major Essex," he said. "I be born to that here trade, me and Mr. Shingler."

"I'd like to talk to Mr. Shingler if I could," I said, thinking he was in the back somewhere, maybe.

"Mr. Shingler be in the Bone-Race (blind twenty years now)." He looked up into the darkened rafters and then back at me. "They taken me off his list." Over the next hour or so I found out that Herbert Shingler had raised Jim, got him when he was six years old and they'd been together ever since, traveled all over the South together, trading mules. Now it had come to this: the stallion in back held one eight-year-old gelding and four Shetland ponies.

"If I want over to where Mr. Shingler is, you reckon he'd talk to me?"

Jim said: "Mr. Shingler like folks to come by. He don't go." I seen 'em my own self this mornin'. You go on by anytime."

I called the conscientious horse and asked the name if I could see Mr. Shingler sometime tomorrow. The man who'd said no. Directly, he came back to the phone and said: "Mr. Shingler and anytime. Told me for you to mention him in Warren, if you see him." Warren is my stepdaddy's brother, who runs the stockyard in Valdosta. I told her I'd be around the next morning.

That night I dreamed about a love story. I think it was so intense and profound a love as I've ever dreamed and it was between two

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hair, and seems that punching marks and pits him to sleeping and the blood gets to running good. He has to lose about two quarts to fix 'em."

"You have to stop the bleeding or else it just quit by itself?"

"I never had to stop one. Somehow it knows about what to let out and then it just seems to shut off."

"I know you can tell a male's or a horse's age by his teeth but only up to a certain age, right?"

"Well, that's right, but a good mulesmith'll get it pretty close even after it's too late to do it with his teeth. He won't get it right every time, but a good man'll be close."

"Would you tell me how you do that, with the teeth, I mean?"

"I'll tell you anything I know, son. Just ask me. Now a male's got a full set of teeth, but when he's two years old, he sheds those two right here in the front. And..."

"But they grow back in," I said. "Would a fellow know they've been shed, that just those two had been shed and grown back in?"

He gave me that great old man's smile of his, a smile which came often while we talked. "A mulesmith would," he said. "Now, he's a two-year-old when that happens, the next year, around spring, he sheds again, one tooth on each side of where he shed before, now he's a three-year-old. Every year he sheds until he's five, and that's the last year he sheds. Then you go in the cage to tell his age."

"Cups?"

"Males and horses got little trenches in the top of each tooth. A man that knows his business can tell by how deep the trenches the cup—is how old the animal is. The cup ain't quite as deep each year that passes and a male's mostly smooth-mouthed by the time he's ten. Then you go to other things. He begins to get a little back-toothed—teeth just kinds start to stick out this way..." he demonstrates with his fingers, "when he's eight or so thereon, fourteen. You look at the way he trades, and other things."

"Tracks?"

"Walks?"

"You ever seen a trader put them cups back in a male's tooth after he was smooth-mouthed?"

"Ever mulesmith mean that one place the other. Up in Arizona, it was a time they did some boys, that was all they did, put cups back in smooth-mouthed knots. Done it with a lacquer drill, had a bit in it about big as a pencil. And they'd color the new cup up good with some stars they had." He shook his head, still smiling. "Took a good man not to get beat by it too. Then boys does good

work, rightly work."

I could tell he was tiring. It was getting on toward lunchtime. I said good-bye to his wife and then I reached down and took his hand. "Mr. Shavers," I said, "Thank you for giving me all this, and I just had such a good time. I'm gone once see you again sometime if it's all right with you."

"You do, son," he said. "Good."

Walking down the hall, I said to myself: "Well, boy, there was the real thing of which you are only the cheap imitation." And the knowledge didn't make me feel bad at all. I walked out feeling good. ☐

Book Watch

(Continued from page 44) *ends the other way; it's much more friendly. Amusingly, I guess the word is...*

"It's absolutely fabulous at making the deal, but to him the deal is the advance." Chat got \$33,900 for Woodward and Bernstein, but somehow forgot to keep the serial and the rights. Chat shrugs, "I just wanted to get the up-front money for the guys and they didn't know I didn't know—drum what rights were. I've never heard Carl or Bob complain about the terms of the first contract."

Another chat says, "Boo, David knows a little better now, but he still hasn't done what a good agent should: talk to some people about what a contract is." But still they love him, John Dean will be quoted: "He has a wonderful ability to offend no one. That charm is part of his skill." You can believe John Dean can't you? Of course Dean told me he'd written *Wind* *Amnesia* all by himself. In fact it needed more regular work than the West Side Highway.

Some time ago several of Chat's people threatened to play out their options if he didn't at least hire himself a secretary. He did. Ruby Jackson charmed me; her voice thunders like brass while slurred. Ruby is a neighbor. And she's had "millions of different jobs. I did tapas go-go dancing for one month—all over Long Island. I wasn't really paid for *Manhattan*." Ruby doesn't mind telling you that she's not big on arithmetic. And, you people like Woodward and Bernstein do not mind "I'm not very good at keeping their really statements straight, which can annoy them, and rightfully so." Chat agrees that he should bring an accountant. Well, yesterday "David is very tight, cheap," and someone who ought to know. "Believe it or not I don't think he's all that rich. He does okay, but aside from Woodward and

Bernstein, he doesn't have many shots who bring top money in. One reason he doesn't hire an accountant is that he'd have to pay him."

"David Chat," said an editor, "may be the agent of the future; he reminds me of an old-time Hollywood producer. You don't take David and John Eisenhower because they can write their way out of a paper bag. You take them because they have a product that can be pushed at the moment. He has Marvel Comics. He has Mary Hartman now." Chat could represent both Comet and Ajax, as long as there were enough sticks to go around. I ask John Dean if it ever bothers him, being in the news hallways with Ruth Bernstein and Suzanne Woodward. "Not at all, in the contrary. I got to know them through David; they're very nice, delightful people." Any friend of David's is a friend of David's friends.

And does it trouble Chat? Remember, not that long ago he made Eagle Book an off-lying activist. "I came out of Berkeley very radicalized. But when the war ended my radicalism was tempered considerably. Also..." he mutters—"my income went up fifty levels. One night I said to John Dean, 'If things had been a little bit different, you'd be telling me how you could commit my prison sentence if I was willing to tell as my friends.' I had been tight with Ellsberg and Marchetti and the FBI was on to me. So I said to John, 'You S.O.B.'s wanted to put me in jail and now we're working together. It's a strange world, huh?'" And what did Dean say? "John said, 'Freak.' So much for the nation's savior. Yeah."

"David," another cheer told me, "was the first guy who had smarts enough to understand that Washington was a relative vacuum and he moved right in. We were all very young; that's part of the trouble. He just said, 'I'm an agent.' We just said, 'We're writers.' He's got this attitude—after a while it could be a little strange—which is 'Chat, I screwed up, but I'm just a kid. I'm not Starling Lord; I'm David Chat.' He's not that interested in the writer and his life's work. Like one night at a very drunken party—Bernstein and Woodward were there and John Wilener and a lot of Washington Post people—and Richard Cohen comes up with a joke (also—that is just after the Lin Day thing—they should all get together and write another *Naked Came the Stranger*, only call it *Naked Came the Stranger*).

At David Chat's life I heard Robert Coates. Well, David heard about it and a couple of days later he had some publisher interested. All he could see was the deal. All those big, money. It might have made money,



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SOUND AND FURY

Between Helen and Fred

So Fred Astaire, a great dancer and a natural-born singer, isn't exactly a million laughs or the debonair type he's portrayed so well in the movies (*It's a Wonderful Life*, *Remember Fred*, August). So what? Almost everyone is interested in show-biz personalities. But the point is, off the screen, off camera, offstage, are entertainers interesting people? With rare exceptions I think not.

Paul Copeland
Scarborough, Ont.

Fred Astaire of the continental and beautiful eyes is actually an uncooperative social climber? I am shattered!

Mr. Lawrence is right—it is better to remember Fred Astaire than, he looks wonderful and I am firming. Margaret Lindsay's excellent photograph of him.

Joan P. Brown
Lisle Forest, Ill.

Cruises with Crews

Harry Chern's Gritz column, *The Wonderful World of Winesap* (August), really hit home. I mean, if you're going to go camping, if you want to dig on the woods and streams and animals, leave your horse at home. I for one say, "Join the Bunch!"

M. Beaudin
San Francisco, Calif.

I regret to say that I just tonight read the July issue and the piece by Barry Cress (*Passes from the Life of a Georgia Jeweler*). Never heard of him or his books. But that portrait of down-home life on a Georgia farm was as good and true as gold. You boys in New York have got yourselves a winner. I trust you'd pay him a living wage.

It's a shame you didn't send him out looking at America instead of just sweet-smooth Harrold Bellamy, who has about as much feeling for the common American as King George did.

Berkley Harrell
Raleigh, N.C.

Let's hear it for Captain Fiction!

In David Welton (August), by Richard Ford, is another example—of the fine job Gordon Lish is doing finding good fiction by new writers for *Esquire*. Among other recent pieces, I would

single out Sanford Chernoff's *My Ancestor* (March) as, like Ford's story, an unusually satisfying and well-written first fiction. This issue alone has extremely engaging unavailability is characteristic of many of the new writers *Esquire* has printed recently. Raymond Carver and Barry Hannah, in particular, come to mind. It all makes great reading. You may count me, because of this, as one of the growing number of your subscribers who turn first, in every issue, to the fiction John Doonan

Local talent (cont.)

What, no Mori?

In your August issue, *America's Leading Growth Industry* made no mention of Mori Shidoren, newspaper columnist for the Chicago Daily News. Five times a week he chronicles the stars, observes our strange form of city government and gets his own coffee.

Mori has married the Kennedy's ex-wife in Anna Gold, Margie Daly or Mrs. Kennedy have, and he accepted the country on the guest list for Frank Sinatra's recent wedding.

Why no Mori?
Norman Clark
Chicago, Ill.

New York revisited

My sense of loss over Jimmy Walker Field (Steven McCaff's *New York*, June/June 7 issue, August) was only surpassed when I discovered there had never been one. What a beautiful picture! And what a cruel deception!

Keith Redshaw
Dallas, Tex.

Collector's item

Am I wrong, or am I? I feel "Ruffin brand pottery" and "Finnish ware" (*Antique Pattern*, August) are not items.

Rev. E.V. O'Brien
Corliss, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Your feelings are quite accurate. The labels on the two photographs should have been reversed.

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JOAN DIDION

The late great bishop of California

It is a curious and arrogantly secular monument, Grace Episcopal Cathedral in San Francisco, and it imposes its taste directly upon the symbolic scenes of all old California money and power, Nob Hill. Its big rose window glows at night and dominates certain views from the Mark Hopkins and the Fairmont, as well as from Randolph and California House's apartment. In a city deflected to the silence that all human endeavor tends mysteriously west, toward the Pacific, Grace Cathedral faces resolutely east, toward the Pacific Ocean Club. As a child I was advised by my grandfather that Grace was "undiscovered," and always would be, which was the point. In the years after World War I my mother had just pennies for Grace in my nite but but Grace would never be finished. In 1964 James Albert Pike, who had come home from St. John the Divine in New York and *The Dean* who shows an ABC to be bishop of California, raised three million dollars, installed images of Albert Einstein, Theodore Marshall and John Glenn in the clerestory windows, and, in the name of God (James Albert Pike had by then streamlined the Trinity, eliminating the Son and the Holy Ghost), pronounced Grace "finished." This came to my attention as an odd and somewhat surprising development, with a get-it-done-and-be-over-it kind of brightness about it that I did not recall from the Episcopal Church of my childhood, and it impressed James Albert Pike on my consciousness more indelibly than any of his previous moves.

What was one to make of him. Five years after he finished Grace James Albert Pike left the Episcopal Church altogether, detailing his plays in the pages of *Look*, and drove into the Jordanian desert in a white Ford Cortina rented from Arma. He went with his former student and bride of nine months, Disco. Later she would say that they wanted to experience the wilderness as James had. They equipped themselves for this mission with an Avia map and two bottles of Coca-Cola. The young

Mr. Pike got out alive. Five days after James Albert Pike's body was retrieved from a canyon near the Dead Sea a solemn religious mass was offered for him at the cathedral; his own father had finished in San Francisco. Outside on the Grace steps the camera watched the Black Panthers demonstrating to free Bobby Seale, inside the Grace were Diane Kennedy, his wife and her two premarital, Jane Abene Pike and Father Yarrow. Pike, watched the cameras and one another.

That was 1969. For some years afterward I could make nothing at all of this peculiar and strikingly "new" story, so "real" and absurd was my irritation with the kind of man my grandmother would have



called "just a damn old fool," the kind of man who would go into the desert with the angry Diana and two bottles of Coca-Cola, but I see now that Diane and the Coca-Cola are precisely the details which lift the narrative into parable. James Albert Pike has been on my mind quite a bit these past few weeks, ever since I read the recent biography of him by William Stringfellow and Anthony Towne, *The Death and Life of Bishop Pike*, an absorbing but instructive volume from which these excerpts, despite the best efforts of the authors, the shadow of a great literary character, a literary character in the sense that Howard Hughes and Whitaker Chambers are literary characters, a character so ambiguous and revealing of his place and time that his gravestone in the Protestant cemetery in Jaffa might well have read only JAMES ALBERT AMERICAN.

Consider his beginnings. He was the only child of an ambitious mother and an aging father who moved from Kentucky a few years before his birth in 1918 to his inherited forty acres of mortgage in Oklahoma. There had been far a while a retreat to a one-room shack in Alamogordo, New Mexico, there had been always the will of the mother to improve the family's prospects. She taught school. She played piano with a dance band, she played piano in a nightclub theater. She raised her baby James a Catholic and she entered him in the Better Habits Contest at the Oklahoma State Fair and he took first prize two years running. "I thought you would like that," she told his biographers almost sixty years later. "He started out a winner."

He also started out dressing paper dolls in priest's vestments. The mother appears to have been a woman of extreme delirium. Her husband died when James was two. Six years later the widow moved to Los Angeles, where she devoted herself to maintaining a world in which nothing "would change James's life or thwart him in any way," a mode of upbringing which would show in the son's face and manner all his life. "Needless to say this has all been a bit tedious for me to relate," he complained when the question of his first divorce and remarriage seemed to stand between him and clerical as bishop of California; his biography is a parody of surprised politeness in the face of other people's attempts to "convert" him by bringing up an old marriage or divorce or some other "long-dead aspect of the past."

In Los Angeles there was Hollywood High, there was mass every morning at Blessed Sacrament on Sunset Boulevard. After Hollywood High there was college with the Jesuits, at Santa Clara, at least until James repudiated the Catholic Church and convinced his mother that she should do the same. He was brilliant at the time, but it was characteristic of both mother and son to have taken this adolescent repudiation quite gravely; they give the sense of having had no anchor but each other, and to have misinterpreted their meetings every day. After Santa Clara, for the freshly revealed agnostic, there was U.C.L.A., U.S.C.,

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and finally the leap east. Back East Yale Law. A job in Washington with the Securities and Exchange Commission. "You have to understand that he was very very intelligent," his mother said after his death. "He really wanted to come home. I wish he had." And yet it must have seemed to such a western child that he had at last met the "real" world, the "great" world, the world to which The world is which, as the young man who started out a winner soon discovered and wrote to his mother, "fractiously every discharger you meet in our level of society in Episcopalian, and an H.C. or should that Protestant is on a rate as her's teeth."

One thinks of Gatsby, coming up against the East. One also thinks of Tom Buchanan and his vast consciousness (some twenty-five years later when the Bishop of California's mistress revealed fifty-five sleeping girls he appears to have wooed her into her own apartment before settling an ambivalence, and to have obtained certain evidence before she died), or even of Ted Duan, who also started out a winner, and tried to embrace the essence of the American continent in Nacole as James Albert Pike would now try to embrace it in the Episcopal Church. Presumably every discharger you meet in our level of society is Episcopalian.

It is in an American Adventure of Barry Laddo, this westerner going east to seize his future, equipped with a mother's love and what passed in the makeshift moment from which he came as a peasant the knowledge. As evidence of this passion his third wife, Diane, would report this curious story: he "had read both the dictionary and the phone book from cover to cover by the time he was five, and a whole set of the Encyclopedia Britannica before he was ten." Duan also reports his enthusiasm for the Museum of Man in Paris, which seemed to him to offer, in the hour they spent there, "a complete education," the "entire history of the human race... is summary form."

In summary form. One gets a sense of the kind of intense fervor that a wife like some times that Duan to the notion of Perfect Love might find abiding. In the late Thirties, as Communism was about to be served at the first Christmas mass of James Albert Pike's new career as an Episcopalian, his first wife, Diane, transplanted Californian, is reported to have jumped up and run screaming from the church. There would have been nothing in the phone book to cover that, or in the Britannica encyclopedia to suggest an ecclesiastical commitment to cover his divorce

from Jane, although no such statement was actually granted. "In his mind," his biographer explains, "the marriage was not merely a mistake, but a failure in the imagination." In his mind. He needed to believe in the avowable human he wanted to be bishop of California. "At heart he was a Californian," a friend said. "He had grown up with the idea that San Francisco was it... he was obsessed with the idea of being Bishop of California. Nothing in heaven or hell could have stopped him." In his mind. "Tom and Gatsby, Daisy and Jordan, and I, were all westerners," a Nick Carraway said, "and perhaps we possessed some deficiency in common which made us subtly unadaptable to eastern life."

Takable man. I recall standing in St. Thomas Church in New York one Monday morning in 1954 debating whether or not to steal a book by James Albert Pike, a pastoral tract called *If You Marry Outside Your Faith*. I had only a twenty-dollar bill and could not afford to leave it in the box but I wanted to read the book more closely, because a few weeks before I had in fact married a Catholic, which is what Bishop Pike seemed to have in mind. I had not seen brought up to think it made much difference what I married, as long as I steered clear of odd sects where they didn't drink at the wedding. My grandmother was an Episcopalian only by frontier chance, her siblings were Catholics but there was no Catholic priest around the year she needed christening, and I was struck dumb by Bishop Pike's position, which appeared to be that I had not only sinned but had every moral right and obligation to cover this sin by regarding my marriage as null, and any promises I had made as invalid. In other words the way to go was to forget it and start over.

In the end I did not steal *If You Marry Outside Your Faith*, and over the years I came to believe that I had doubtless married it. After considering its source I am no longer as sure. "Jim never closed up after himself," a friend notes, reading his habit of getting a shirt and letting the combdresses in when they felt, and then also seems to have applied to more than his laundry. Here was a man who moved through life believing that he was entitled to forget it and start over. And worse, when they became difficult and alienation when they became tedious and simply were on, demanding those who exhibited as petty and "judgmental" and generally threatened by his superior and economic wisdom of human possibility. That there was

an ambivalence and a speciousness about this moral fraternalism has not gone unnoticed, but in the rush to call the life "very human" I suspect we are overlooking its real interest, which is an social history. The man was a Hibernian to his time and place. At the peak of his career James Albert Pike earned his peace cross (he had put away his political cross for the duration of the Vietnam war, which estranged him) through every charitable thrust in American life, from the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions to the Aspen Institute of Humanistic Studies in Spiritual Frontiers, which was at the time the Ford Foundation of the spirit racket. James Albert Pike was everywhere at the right time. He was in Geneva for Pascal in 1950. He was in Baltimore for the trial of the Catherine Nune, although he had to be towed on the tase in the car from the airport. He was in the right room at the right time to reach his son, Jim Jr., an apparent suicide as Sunday, via airplane. The man kept moving. If death was troubling them start over, and reinvent it as "The Other Role." If faith was troubling them leave the church, and reinvent it as "The Foundation for Religious Transience."

This sense that the world can be reinvented as small of the States in this country, those years when no one at all seemed to have any memory or mourning, and in a way the States were the years for which James Albert Pike was born. When the man who started out a winner was being dead in the desert his brother-in-law joined the search party and prayed for the assistance of God, Jim Jr., and Edgar Cayce. I think I have never heard a more poignant trial by.

Washington

(Continued from page 12) told them what I knew. I'm not Deep Throat, but I'd like to meet him."

The Reassurance went back to whatever he was doing in Scotland. My instincts told me he was much more of a work horse than Deep Throat suspects were based up at the starting point. I would make Gergen the odds-on favorite. It wouldn't be a sure thing.

I indicated just the west hand, hoping our number would bring better odds. *



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And before you get the SelectShift, a try before you decide. It's put together very much with the driver in mind. It not only shifts for



stuff you can over ride. Set recovery and shift for your job. Another neat try option is the four-way adjustable driver's seat. It goes back and forth, plus up and down. It's got a position that's just

right to keep you in touch with the road and all those gauges keeping track of amps, oil pressure, revs, fuel and speed. Other things that make Mustang II very much a driver's car are rack and pinion steering, front disc brakes, staggered rear shocks, close-ratio four-speed gearbox, no-slop throttle linkage, and low-friction steering



linkage. Put them all together and they spell Mustang II. A machine that handles with great snap and precision.

Once you've decided on Mustang II, your decisions have just begun. Mustang II's sweet handling comes in two flavors. There's the hardtop sweet handling and low profile. The 2+2. Which also gives you a fold down rear seat and wide opening hatchback. There's



the Mach 1 and its strong south Cobra II. Both with slicker looks to match their smooth performance. And the most formal of the few... the Ghia. That's a Mustang II for 1977. Fun



to drive, comfort able to ride in as a passenger, and built to live a long time. If you're a driver, you'll love Mustang II. If you're not, we can't think of a better way to learn what driving is all about. Is that it? Not hardly. Because Mustang II is the kind of car that invites customizing that welcomes your personalizing touch. Paint. Special wheels. Special leather. Whatever it takes to make your Mustang II the car you've always wanted. Come on in and try a 1977 Mustang II.



Where America wants a better idea, Ford puts it on wheels.

1977 MUSTANG II					
Model	Price as shown	Price as shown	Price as shown	Price as shown	Price as shown
Base	\$10,499	\$10,499	\$10,499	\$10,499	\$10,499
2+2	\$11,499	\$11,499	\$11,499	\$11,499	\$11,499
302 V8	\$12,499	\$12,499	\$12,499	\$12,499	\$12,499
302 V8	\$13,499	\$13,499	\$13,499	\$13,499	\$13,499
302 V8	\$14,499	\$14,499	\$14,499	\$14,499	\$14,499
302 V8	\$15,499	\$15,499	\$15,499	\$15,499	\$15,499
302 V8	\$16,499	\$16,499	\$16,499	\$16,499	\$16,499
302 V8	\$17,499	\$17,499	\$17,499	\$17,499	\$17,499
302 V8	\$18,499	\$18,499	\$18,499	\$18,499	\$18,499
302 V8	\$19,499	\$19,499	\$19,499	\$19,499	\$19,499
302 V8	\$20,499	\$20,499	\$20,499	\$20,499	\$20,499
302 V8	\$21,499	\$21,499	\$21,499	\$21,499	\$21,499
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302 V8	\$67,499	\$67,499	\$67,499	\$67,499	\$67,499
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302 V8	\$97,499	\$97,499	\$97,499	\$97,499	\$97,499
302 V8	\$98,499	\$98,499	\$98,499	\$98,499	\$98,499
302 V8	\$99,499	\$99,499	\$99,499	\$99,499	\$99,499
302 V8	\$100,499	\$100,499	\$100,499	\$100,499	\$100,499

FORD MUSTANG II

FORD DIVISION



Mustang II Mach 1



PH-02: IMPROVED RECORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TRAFFIC
 22 NORTH ST. NEWARK, NJ 07102-4000
 66 NORTH ST. NEWARK, NJ 07102-4000



6500



A black and white photograph of a sailboat on the water. The sail has the number '190' printed on it. The boat is a classic design with a single mast and a large sail. The water is calm, and the background is a light, hazy sky.

A bottle of Cavalier Regal Blended Scotch Whisky. The label features the brand name 'CAVALIER REGAL' in a stylized font, with 'Blended Scotch Whisky' written below it. The bottle is dark and appears to be made of glass.

Esquinte

2000-2001

Event Log Hour

Section _____ Hour _____

Corneille

[b] A power supply capable of providing 10ma to 100ma at 5 volts is needed. A large number of 200 Ω 1 watt resistors (200 Ω 1 watt refers to 200 Ω of resistance and 1 watt maximum power consumption) and 5 volt zener diodes are available. The zener characteristic is as shown in Figure 9 below



Figure 10 is a schematic diagram of a power supply circuit. It consists of a transformer with a primary voltage $v_s = 110V$ and frequency $f = 50 \text{ Hz}$. The transformer has a turns ratio $n:1$. The secondary winding is connected to two diode bridge rectifiers. The first rectifier has a load resistor R_L and a filter capacitor C . The second rectifier has a load resistor R_L and a filter capacitor C . The output voltage is $v_o = 5V$. The circuit is labeled "FIGURE 10".

1. Determine the maximum and minimum values of the regulator current, I_2 .

2. $\frac{1}{2}$ molar $\frac{1}{2}$ molar

PLUMMER, R. G. 1983. 62

WEST POINT COUNTERPOINT

by Josiah Bunting III

Brave new thoughts on military honor

The parade ground, "the Plain," is rich, soft, as lovingly tended as the outfield turf at Fenway Park. It is opaquely peridot-green, shimmering in the cool upland early morning. The air is tonic and restorative, the sky an achingly intense blue. These hundred yards to the east the Hudson flows heavily south. It is green high summer everywhere you look, on the hills that shoulder down toward the river, the rich maples and oaks in their fullest, the Plain, the playing fields, the turf of the stadium. "All nature is at peace." These are few places as handsome as a great American university campus in summer, in early morning; few things as sensuously worthy and performable. If somehow you did not notice the buildings at West Point, you might well imagine yourself at Princeton or Williams. The atmosphere is one of porousness, openness. It is lovely. This is a great institution: admirable, committed to lofty ideals, powerful, rich, safe, unassailable. It is the precise antithesis of those places where its graduates will one day, in five years or ten, prosecute the professors for which the Academy exists to prepare them.

Few people are around. The new plumes have not yet arrived, the 1400 recruits, girls and boys, who on July 7 of this year began their cadetships. The few include several gentlemen of the peace. They do not like West Point. Yes, in the depths of their liberal souls most of them hate and despise it and sage acerbity at it: as unassailable, but above all at the fact that its very life represents a national acknowledgment that man is necessarily base, that he is, as food, a fighter and killer. Here, in this now respectably last place, students are schooled to soldiering, this is what West Point is for. And the presiding authorities are the first to talk of "corbel"—the word is deployed like a marching disciplinary incantation—when purposes and principles are mentioned. If Mr. Bunting does this and such now, at West Point, what will he do in combat? "West Point," said its earnest and capable superintendent (president),

Josiah Bunting III, president of Briarcliff College, is a former West Point instructor and the author of *The Goodlands*, a novel about the U.S. Army in Vietnam.

Lieutenant General Sidney R. Berry, "seeks to hold upon what the cadet brings into the military academy and to translate and direct values, standards, attitudes and expectations toward the demanding concrete of the battlefield. The values and standards required of the soldier/leader on the battlefield are constant. . . ."

Look! Yes. No university is so richly funded. Few in this country (if you use, say, the criteria by which Time selects its Man of the Year) have produced more Great Men. None is so finely accreted. None is so certain of its purposes, its ultimate worthwhileness. None has more devoted alumni, none has aspirations more glorious, very few have—take them all in all—better undergraduates. None has better facilities. Few have more dedicated leadership or more devoted classroom teachers—their vocation, their dedication, their end are precisely. The institution deserves much better than journalism and politics are giving it. Cheap shots are flying from left and right like shrapnel around a battlefield. With spite and malice, critics are battering now at the Academy's terrible problem. They are ignorant, often foolish people who are aiming upon its glory as a means of gridding their reportorial and political reputations.

A reasonable estimate is that between four and six hundred cadets cheated or had or "bribered" during the past academic year. And the Academy, the institution, like some prehistoric elemental, massive organism, is shuddering and, for the moment, is close to foundering. But it will heal itself.

That education and training are fundamentally antipathetic is a commonplace; it is the tacit and unexamined assertion of practically everyone who writes seriously and critically about West Point (and there is, incidentally, a bibliography of truly numbing manuscripts). The purpose of education is to make people think better, to habituate them to what William Arnold called "disinterestedness." The purpose of training is the inculcation of the habit of obedience. Disinterestedness implies habitual rationalization, the effacement of intellectual and emotional ego; it implies objectivity. The educated man is the man without prejudice who sees things clearly, who sees things as they



Photographed by Neil Sorenson

are, who form independent judgments rooted in evidence that he has patiently and systematically collected. He feels compelled to act upon these judgments, conscientiously to uphold them.

The trained man does what he is told to do.

The educated man understands that western states have fought against each other, are fighting against each other, and will continue to do so. It is the fundamental mission of the governments of nations to provide for the security of their peoples. This they do mainly by means of armies and police. Man, being as extent upon his own survival as he is upon the extermination of his enemies, must be trained to obey those who direct his fighting. He must be educated to fight as efficiently as possible. This means killing as few of his fellow human beings as will convert his enemies that the price of their surrender is unacceptable. This means educating fighters to know, as Professor John D. Rosenberg's memorable phrase, "the value of what they may have to destroy."

It is to the credit of West Point that its administration and faculty work, with prodigious energy and industry—if not always with inspiration—to understand and resolve the apparent contradictions in their mission: to produce career officers for the United States Army; officers who can think, but who can also obey; officers who are somewhat interested and humane, but who are also tough-minded and dedicated to their profession; officers who are idealistic but not romantic; officers who can kill, but who can also die.

The course of education at West Point remains as Charles Dickens described it in 1849: "savory but well derived and manly." It is enormously taxing, too taxing; it remains rather heavily weighted in the direction of mathematics, pure and applied sciences. Cadets take a minimum of six courses each academic semester—in addition to military science. Every plebe receives ninety minutes of classroom instruction in mathematics six mornings a week for both semesters, and I must admit on my brief description of the components of this program: "Introduction to set theory and inequalities followed by rigorous treatment of differential and integral calculus of single variable algebraic functions coordinated with plane analytic geometry—the calculus of transcendental functions, polar coordinates, plane vectors... matrix algebra..." The core curriculum for this first year is rounded out with English, a foreign language, environmental studies (not of the Naderian kind) and engineering fundamentals.

More and "heavier" mathematics follow in the sophomore year. To them are added chemistry, physics, psychology, English, European or American history, and further study of a foreign language. Juniors enroll in a stupefying hodge of electrical engineering (of which more later), a triple-shot course in mechanics that includes thermodynamics, more physics, law, and economics.

There is room for elective courses but not much, really, and for too little time for the cadets to dig into them seriously. There are no majors, and everyone graduates with a B.S.

It is all extremely purposeful, but it is also to examine the Great Seal without some idea of the ac-

ademic and military atmosphere in which it happened. The Academy abhors a temporal vacuum: free time. Too many cadets live lives of modest, frenetic, disjointed activity: rushing from one class to another, from one playing field to another, standing inspections, getting haircuts, screaming at athletic events, skinning things, straightening things, answering disciplinary reports, marching penally toward "the Area," being harassed, seeing what pleasures they can cram into weekend leaves like starved men eating off platters of porterhouse steaks, marching, commanding, obeying, complaining, shivering out forms, running, boxing, taking physicals... the regimen is dense and charged. It is unlikely that the cadets' four years at West Point somehow approximate the stresses of combat.

The most unpopular course at West Point is electrical engineering. As is most common at the Academy, "a staggering quantity of information is conveyed by means of a comprehensive machinery of instruction." Not long ago there was, I think, a one-semester English course the cadets jolly called "Pete to N.A.T.O." (next Tuesday we'll do Milton, etc.).

In any case, all juniors—*"novas"*—study electrical engineering both semesters. They call it Julie. To be like a June F—a professor of electrical engineering—was a former cadet, David Gustaf (who returned in 1972), "an unspeakable: an unspeakably harsh analogy; dread (most dread) of death." The cadets' attitude toward Julie flows partly from the bored conviction that half-mastery of the subject will never do them any good. Also, even as a pretty cynical class of cadets, by now they are locked into a mandatory five-year commitment after graduation, or a maximum of two years' related service should they drop out. The idealism that carried them from Rome and Teuton and Atlanta to West Point two years earlier is now largely gone. "Cooperate and graduate," they begin to say.

June comprises EE 301, *Electro Circuits*, and EE 304, *Electronics*. The former, given in the fall, is what might be described as model-school theoretical; that is, theorems are presented, but they can be efficiently mastered by means of memorization and a little industry. They give you the formulas, you plug in the variables, get plugs on a screen (Hofstadter: *The Aest*, the Cry/The First, *The Po/The Tosen*, *The Clusen*, *The Pin*, *The 301*, *June*, *Hardy-hardy-hardy*! E equals I R). The industrious drone can get a B in fall June.

Now things get worse. The boredom of 301 yields, in the dead gray of West Point winter, to the more difficult phase of the sequence, 304. *The Academy*, whose most recent catalog mordaciously avers that it is not "interested in educating experts in the color vision of the tree frog," has no hesitation in laying on its dispirited juniors the likes of "frequency selectivity in communication circuits; characteristics and modeling of electronic devices; diode circuits; amplifiers, oscillators, and modulation methods..."

The take-home consideration, of which the section reproduced here represents only the first sixth, was distributed on March 3 and 4 to eight hundred twenty-three novas. An additional (Continued on page 100)



The Bankrupt Man

THE BANKRUPT MAN dances. Perhaps, on other occasions, he sings. Certainly he spends money in restaurants and tips generously. In what sense, then, is he bankrupt?

He has been declared so. Firstly, he declared himself so. He returns from the city agitated and pale, complaining of hours spent with the lawyers. Then he pours himself a drink. How does he pay for the liquor inside the drink, if he is bankrupt?

We are too shy to ask. Bankruptcy is a sacred state, a condition beyond conditions, as theologians might say, and attempts to investigate it are necessarily obscene, like spiritualism. We know only that he has passed into it and lives beyond us, in a condition not ours.

He is dancing at the Childs Relief Association Fund Ball. His heels kick high. The maure spotlight caresses his shoulders, then the grid. His wife's hair glitters like a beehive of tinsel above her bare shoulders and dulcet neck. Where does she get the money, to pay the

hairdresser to tease and singe and set her so dazlingly? We are afraid to ask but cannot bear our eyes from the dancing couple.

The bankrupt man buys himself a motorcycle. He is going to hotdog it all the way to Santa Barbara and back. He has a bankrupt sister in Santa Barbara. Also, there are business details to be cleared up along the way, in Pittsburgh, South Bend, Dodge City, Santa Fe, and Palm Springs. Being bankrupt is an expansionist process; it generates over new horizons.

We all want to dance with the bankrupt man's wife. Sexual health awakes from her like meadow mist, she sparkles head to toe, her feet are shod in slippers of crystal with caracol liners. "How do you manage to keep up ap...?" We drown our presumptuous question marmosinely in her corsage; her breasts billow, violet and gold, about our necktie.

The bankrupt man is elected to high civic office and declines, due to press of business. He can be seen on the streets, rushing everywhere, important-looking papers flying from his hands. He is being sued for astronomical amounts. He wears now only the

trendiest clothes—unisex jumpsuits, detachable porcelain collars, coat sleeves that really unbutton. He goes to the same hairdresser as his wife. His children are all fat.

WHY DO WE ENVY him, the bankrupt man? He has discovered something about America that we should have known all along. He has found the premise that has eluded us. At our interview, his answers are laconic, assured, delivered with a twinkle and well-spaced, conspiratorial, delicious lowerings of his fine baritone.

Q: When did you first know that you were bankrupt?

A: I think from birth I intuited I was headed that way. I didn't cry, like other infants.

Q: Do you see any possibility for yourself of ever being non-bankrupt?

A: The instant bankruptcy is elected to high civic office and declines, laws on the federal, state, and local levels work in harmony to erode the condition. Some assets are exempted, others are sheltered. In order to maintain bankruptcy, fresh investments must be undertaken, and

opportunities seized as they arise. A sharp eye on economic indicators must be kept lest the whole package slip back into the black. Being bankrupt is not a lazy man's game.

Q: Have you any word of advice for those of us who are not bankrupt?

A (with that twinkle): Eat your hearts out.

The interview is concluded. Other appointments press. He and his family must put in a splendid appearance at the Meter Readers' Benefit Picnic. They feed grapes to one another, laughing. The children tumble in the tall grass, in their private-school uniforms. The bankrupt man's wife is beginning to look fat, sunlight dappling her shoulders. Only he maintains a hard edge, a look of brooms. He wins the quilt toss and captains the winning tug-of-war team; the other side, all solvent small businessmen in grey suits, falls into the ditch. Magnanimously, he holds down a huge helping hand. By acclamation, he is elected to the vestry of all the local Protestant churches and eats the first piece of the Meter Readers' Bicentennial Chocolate Layer Cake.

This galls us. We wish to destroy him, this clever old

lgerity, who bounces higher and higher off the net of laws that would enmesh us, who weightlessly spiders up the rigging to the dizzying spottit tip of the tent-space and stands there in a glittering trapeze suit, all white, like the chalk-daubed down who among the Australian aborigines moves in and out of the sacred ceremonial, mocking it. We spread ugly rumors, we mutter that he is not bankrupt at all, that he is as sound as the pound, as the dollar, that his bankruptcy is a sham. He hears of the rumor and in a note on one-hundred-percent-rag stationery, with embossed letterhead, he challenges us to meet him on West Main Street, by the corner of the Corn Exchange, under the iron statue of Cyrus Shennanigan, the great Civil War profiteer. We accept the challenge. We experience butterflies in the stomach. We go look at our face in the mirror. It is craven and shriveled, embittered by ungenerous thoughts, poisoned by its own muttering.

Comes the dawn. Without parked cars, West Main Street seems immensely wide. The bankrupt man's shoulders eclipse the sun. He takes late prices, terms,

swiftly reaches down and pulls out the lining of both pants pockets. Verily, they are empty. We fumble at our own, and the rattle of silver is drowned in the triumphant roar of the witnessing mob. We would have been torn limb from limb had not the bankrupt man with characteristic magnanimity extended to us a protective embrace, redolent of cologne and smoking turf and wood violets.

In the locker room, we hear the bankrupt man singing. His baritone strips the tiles from the walls like cascading dominoes. He has just shot a minus sixty-seven, turning the old course record inside out.

He ascends because he transcends. He deals from the bottom of the deck. He builds castles in air. He makes America grow. His interests ramify. He is in close touch with Arabian oil. With Jamaican bauxite. With antarctic refrigeration. He creates employment for squads of lawyers. He gets on his motorcycle. He taps a thousand creditors in his wake, taking them over horizons they had never dreamt of hitherto.

He proves there is an afterlife.

A story by John Updike

John Updike's new novel, *Murphy Me*, is published by Knopf.

Mexican Gold

Notes on a great triangular vacation

by Richard Joseph



Guadaluajara

The noisy atmosphere of mariachos in night captures the heart of life in Guadaluajara. Mariachi music is traditionally popular in the nearby country near the city.



Mazatlán

Las Hileras is one of the charming sea-side places to play on the Pacific coast. Mazatlán's major attraction, the resort, is modeled after a Moorish village.



Cerro de Corrego

Mexico's newest hot spot, Harwood, riding on the beach among the delights of the Hotel Plaza Carretera, that of the place you hope to find but seldom do.



Puerto Vallarta

Puerto Vallarta's greatest glory is its location of glowing beaches. Almost as glorious is its food. Savor or savor everyone can find fish, grilled right on the beach.



Suppose there were one small corner of Mexico, known to Mexicans—but not to many Americans—as the golden triangle, where you could be seduced by dazzling resorts or charmed by fishing villages and ancient cathedrals. A golden triangle indeed exists, and within its bounds the whole multifaceted personality of this vast and vibrant country is yours for the taking. A network of new air routes and highways, opening up coastal regions that only yesterday were inaccessible, has made it possible to discover in short hops and drives the attractions you formerly would have viewed in separate trips. You can fly from spot to spot on an all-inclusive

ticket, thereby saving on air fare. Or you can drive and rest out anywhere along the way.

Your first stop and landing pad, Guadaluajara, is Mexico's second-largest city (more than a million people) and capital of the state of Jalisco. This is the Guadaluajara—not the one in Spain—about which (Article continues on page 79)

Guadalajara

The music and the dancing, the sidewalk vendors, the exhibitions of charro horsemanship—all these shape the colors and rhythms of Mexican city life. Faces in the streets and mariachos run the full range, from true Aztec to pure Texian.



The Coast

Under the tropical sun of Mexico's newly accessible west coast, vacationers at new spectacular luxury resorts can enjoy such activities as parasailing, horseback riding on the beach at sunset and eating giant shellfish fresh in from the sea.



and blowing their trumpets and banging their guitars. The mariachos originated near here, their elaborate costumes coming from the cowboys in the surrounding countryside. It's a tequila town, too; the village of Tequila is less than an hour's drive away, and the big Santa Catalina is right in the city. Vista include free samples.

And in Guadalajara you can also drink up the culture: the magnificent Orisco murals in the government palace, the administration building of the university and the Hospicio Cabañas orphanage, where you lie on benches to see the paintings on the ceiling. The sixteenth-century cathedral is no imposing a trademark of Guadalajara as the Eiffel Tower is of Paris. Architecturally, the cathedral is a wild mélange of Gothic, Tuscan, Moorish, Mayan and Corinthian, with twin Byzantine towers built to replace earlier ones destroyed by an earthquake. If you can, catch a Friday performance of the Guadalajara folklore ballet or the city's symphony orchestra at the Mexican-classical David de la Torre. You should pay a visit to Orisco's home, which has been converted into a museum.

With some suggestions I suggest a late-night visit to the mariachi plaza next to the Libertad market, where you can hear the strolling mariachos, the young can get a bit rough, though, when the tequila flows freely. The market itself is rated by various authorities as the largest covered market in Mexico or the largest in the western hemisphere, but in any case it's a good place for browsing and for bargaining over Mexican handicrafts in textiles, leather goods, ceramics and tin ornaments.

One of the most important handicraft centers in the entire country is Tlaquepaque, a suburb about five miles southeast of downtown Guadalajara. Once an Indian village, then a Spanish-colonial town, Tlaquepaque became a springtime resort for Guadalupeños who found that its slightly higher altitude provided refuge from the city's heat and humidity from May to July. (It's pronounced Tla-ky-pah-ky, by the way.) Along its cobble streets are great, cool, high-ceilinged houses of brick and stone set around flowered patios; and in season Tlaquepaque became the (Continued on page 127)

Tequila Sunset



The best part of the day comes at the end, when you sit back and order a tequila. Order it straight or on the rocks with a twist of lime.

Distilled from the spiky agave plant, tequila was loved by the Spanish conquistadors of Mexico, and many a prince has since tested his macho on its fearsome potency. American consumption of tequila did not take off in much until the Seventies; then it rose a stunning 400 percent from 1968 to 1975 alone. Some small credit for this phenomenon probably should go to the Rolling Stones, who, it was thoughtlessly reported, drank tequila straight throughout their 1972 tour of the U.S. Young converts to this blend of tequila, orange juice and pineapple were amazed to find it mixed well and tasted nice.

Of course, you can still drink your tequila with a dash of salt and a bit of lime. In the cantinas of Guadalajara, Mexicans drink it straight with a dash of sangrita, a mix of citrus juices, tomato, hot sauce, wine and pineapple. Our suggestion is far simpler: pour some tequila into a shaker for a kind of Mexican Bloody Mary. Here's the formula from El Parador Cafe in New York City: Combine one ounce of tequila with the juice of half an orange in a cocktail shaker. Add dashes of salt, pepper and Worcestershire sauce and a solid splash of Tabasco. Add tomato juice. Shake. Rub lime onto the edge of a glass. Pour in the contents of the shaker.





April 6: Aboard British Airways
747 Super Transatlantic Jet Service
(Better Food and More Legroom Section)

Apparently a revolution has broken out in the economy class. A passenger cooperative has been formed and hand luggage has been redistributed. There was sporadic firing during pre-lunch cocktails, but the hostesses say that everything is now under control. Trouble first flared over the definition of "wide-bodied comfort" but spread to include bitter criticism of Channel 5 in the In-Flight Entertainment Program. The latest word is that rows J to K are relatively quiet, but there is still isolated resistance from T 3-14, and four out of six rear toilets are still occupied.

Several of the passengers are now under control. The steward had vacated so as to expect some trouble, but it's still a far cry from the heady days of Fly-Sent. "The Airline That Can't Afford to Crash," Saddy, that

Michael Palin's initials are the same as those of the popular British comedy troupe in which he is a principal player.

airline has become a victim of the harsh economic realities of our times. In March, Fly-Sent was forced to sell off its assets. The pride of the fleet, a 1940 Dakota with a 1938 de Havilland wing and the wings of a Sheik's flying boat, ditched in, and the airline, an early but still quite tough Woodworth's rubber band, ditched neither. The pilot was forced to go back to being a waiter, and the waitress went back to being pilot for British Airways. A sad loss, as her cuisine, no-miss, seven-day, transatlantic globe fare was easily the best fare, if you didn't have to be anywhere particular in the U.S.

At the time of writing, there is talk of Fly-Sent merging with another ambitious little airline with a but near the London airport. But the talk is in the air at the moment is all of Canada. Will it be allowed to land in New York, or will it be diverted to London? At present the British government is giving all its hopes on the chance of once-yearly proving flights to Butte, Montana. But the main problem that has to be faced is how to provide service that will justify a \$650 ticket, especially when the seats on Canadair are so close together that only amputees can travel in total comfort. British Airways is hoping that the queen

herself will travel on most flights to look after crying children, distribute blankets and make stops of tea. Post-venue members of Britain will have around a solid-gold duty-free trolley, and the demonstration of safety procedures at the start of the flight will be performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company, with Sir John Gielgud as The Hostess and Lord Olivier as The Lieutenant. In-flight entertainment will be provided by the Manned Pipes and Drums of the Uganda Police, who will play a selection of Pachelbel at your very own seat. At the end of the flight, each passenger will be made a Dame of the British Empire and will be given a free black-and-white information. In this sort of way the airlines hope that Canadair will eventually move people away from boats, camels and rabbits.

April 6: Kennedy Airport, New York City

On the ride in from Kennedy airport we peer eagerly out the windows of our enormous limousine (some of which is already in Manhattan: for signs of the awful bankruptcy of New York. Nothing is more likely to lift the hearts and minds of English and Italian these days than the news of somebody else going bankrupt).

On the flight from England the pound has dropped half a dollar, and those who came by Canadair would have made vast profits already. Stiefel was badly hit today by the latest figures of the World's Most Economically Successful and Wonderful Nations, which show that Britain has slipped to forty-third position behind Nicaragua and Las Vegas.

So how glad we are to see the horrific plight of New York City. Thousands of unemployed policemen near the streets, directing traffic and helping old ladies across the street, and on a desperate effort to cut back, many of the big banks are sharing metal rooms with each other. But it was only when we arrived at our rented East Side brownstone that the true extent of the city's newly acquired poverty became clearly evident. Gums are the two uniformed attendants who would normally rush to the door of the limousine and latch the tired traveler's feet in Old of Gray before lifting him onto the back of the cheerful half-blind sage who would carry him, high above the dog shit, to his hotel door, resting the latest Wall Street prices in a high whisper, while Tony Bassett or Mel Tormé, strapped with the bags. Now the newly arrived visitor, thrown from his limousine, must fend for himself against a score of muggers, Jehovah's Witnesses and Presidential candidates. Once past these he is confronted by ex-G.I. men, who thrust cards into his hand advertising back rooms where he can have his pink buttocks rubbed for only \$25. How low can New York sink?

April 7: Saddy's Blue Green Massage Parlor, 44th Street

It turns out to be \$25 per buttock, and if you want "more" it's up to you. It seems a lot to pay when you can still get corporal punishment free in many parts of the world, but I flash my American Express card and the lady smiles appreciatively and rejects it not

of hand. "Cash or nothing, honey," she breathes, with just a hint of a Latvian accent. Is it Howard Stern? I have only thirteen dollars on me, and the right of a second rate producer anywhere nearby. Saddy needs a bathroom and headed CLEVELAND KNOCKOUTS BATHS, BLUE GREEN MASSAGE PARLOR and INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE CENTER, 1976. It turns out the pound is worth seventeen cents. "Of course we cannot compete with the banks," she protests affably. "But I like you and I give you seventeen cents and a hammyger."

This complaisant and wholly unfeeling transaction is completed, and she agrees to look after my 145 hammygers, while I am shown into a small cubicle, bare save for a small portrait of Dwight Eisenhower. "You will have to take that off," purrs my hostess, as she gently slips the photograph from around my waist. "It was my favorite president, you know," she murmurs, tongue in my ear, "in and Clemenceau." Her name is Dolores and she has a face like the early potatoes of the moon. She has a logging device that keeps slipping out of her bra, and she asks me repeatedly if I am Dr. Kissinger, despite the fact that it's obvious I'm not. She notices this eventually and offers me instead a Spanish Breakfast Muffin and Good Time. But as this involves livestock, I scribble instead for the simple Kissinger Rub and No Fingerwork. After half an hour's massage I can hardly walk, but Dolores smiles a real Marx Transatlantic smile and says only Rocky Marciano lasted the full hour. By the time I get dressed I find that the pound has slipped to twelve cents and a hammyger with to keepup.

As I leave I notice Mohammed Ali defending his world heavyweight title for the sixteenth time this year on the corner of Fifty-third and Seventh. His opponent, a Jewish guy assistant from Trenton, is repeatedly getting \$2,000,000. Walk back to Forty-ninth Street via the garden of the nearby United Nations. Sit on a seat beside the East River that has thoughtfully been donated to "the citizens of New York, from the nations of the third world." No sooner do I sit down than the seat splits in two. There is a loud whirring sound and I am sucked high into the air and into the East River. A Mr. Moynihan of the river police fishes me out and shakes his fist at the seat, screeching angrily that there are limits to American generosity.

April 8: The lights, the dirt, the glamour, the small brown stains on the sidewalk at the corner of 43rd Street

So this is Broadway! All the greatest stars in the world wanted one day to be on Broadway, and here we are, at last . . . hanging over the hill in the Steps Delicatessen. The trouble began earlier when we had wanted to sign a photo of Robert Redford and have it displayed in the window. The manager and that Robert Redford had already signed one. Possibly (in retrospect) we wanted that was never Robert Redford. The manager (poked us up on the almost immediately. "Hah, how come seven girls and a girl can be Robert Redford, huh? You tell me that, huh?" Eric embarked on a short but pitiful tirade on Kierkegaardian theories regarding the nature of perception and

Photographs

A story by Hilma Wolitzer

We were married in those dark ages before legalized abortion. I know that's no excuse. There were always illegal abortions. But my social circles were limited and unenlightened. The doctors in my life were of the old-fashioned, tongue-deep variety. Their worst crimes were probably kickbacks on unnecessary, but lawful, hysterectomies.

I knew vaguely about workaholic women who flew down to Puerto Rico and other tropical places to have safe, painless surgery and probably even had time to get in a little sun and to dance the caribe. But I had never even been in an airplane. And the stories I knew by heart were of hapless girls in the back rooms of dragshops after hours, whose blood came at four-tenths; poor butchered girls whose parts were packaged and distributed among the trash cans of the city.

My mother daydreamed about being a grandmother someday. It appeared to be her goal in life. She wanted to wear a gold charm bracelet dangling with symbols that commemorated the births of babies. She wanted an accordion folder of photographs, that first-class ticket to the society of grandmothers.

I was born late in her life and was an only child, having divided passage in my father's brothers and sisters. My mother claimed that a few months after I was born, everything had simply fallen out of her one day. As a young, wistful girl, I had pictured the worst: a giant single of fallopian tubes, ovaries, and

the little pear-shaped uterus lying useless on the bathroom floor. But first I had been born, dropped in agony like an obsolete egg from a disconsolate chicken. And, why bother, schedule, my mother was impatient for the natural progression of events.

When I was twenty, my goal was to be married with Howard forever. Sex, which I had discovered like everyone else, in the misery of childhood, had finally advanced to the ultimate stage of partnership. And what a partner I had! Even cramped in the back seat of Howard's car, I recognized with awe the glorious territory we had discovered in each kind and blundering exploration.

Later, lying in bed, "in trouble" already, I kept a wad of Kleenex and a flashlight for undercover checking. Nothing. There was probably still a chance that I was mistaken, or that my body was only giving me some punitive suspense. As I had assured Howard, it was my *only* time, and our pleasure didn't have to be deferred for the sake of caution. Of course, he had hardly waited anyway, had barely missed a stroke.

I checked again, the flashlight locked between my knees. Nothing.

Howard advised hot baths. He lent me weights to lift. We ran together, forty laps around a school track in a several new bloodhood, and then collapsed, panting, in the high grass behind it. All the evidence was in.

"What do you want to do?" he asked.

"You know," I said. "What about you?"

His eyes shifted restlessly, and I imagined my mother's pride and joy, a slender gelatinous thread riding the sear currents of Queens.



"Are you afraid, Paula?" Howard asked, and I knew then that he was.

I made him say it anyway. "Of what?" I asked, forcing his phrase.

"Of... I don't know... of complications?"

"Doesn't you?" I said. What a maze it could be! I concentrated, forcing terrible mental pictures at him, Daily News headlines, even those in some war atrocity for good measure.

He shuddered, receiving my message I couldn't help thinking that men whose mothers have established an early pattern of guilt in them are probably the safest.

"So that's it," Howard said, and we were engaged. I threw my arms around him, sealing the bond. "It will be wonderful," I promised. "We'll have a wonderful life together. We'll have terrific good luck. I can feel it."

He hugged me back, but all I could really feel was the domineer of his heart and the collapsing walls of his will.

I planned to go on a diet right after the baby was born. In the meantime, I was growing, stretching my skin to transparency, to an innocent glow.

Howard assured me that he loved me this way, stoneware he called it, a word borrowed from false news.

"Petite is going out of style," my mother said.

"Ah, beautiful," Howard murmured in the sleepy voice of one who has been won.

But I'm nobody's fool. On Sundays I saw him look through the magazine section of *The Times* and pass with wistful concentration at those slender models in the bathroom ads.

There is desire beyond reason lost in that, I thought. He might have looked at girls in centerfolds instead, at the explicit ones who were there to inspire a difficult and singular kind of hunger. It is his secret heart, he wanted me to be slim and trim, I would be. The women's magazines were full of easy formulas I could follow: *The Thinking Woman's Diet*, *The Drinking Woman's Diet*, *The Smoking Woman's Diet*. It would be a crush.

But in the meantime, I kept growing while, inside my belt, the future me stepped daintily, waiting for release.

The baby grew, too, flailed in its confinement, pained and averted its head.

And Howard was madly in love with it. It was a romance he had never experienced before. Of course, he had always had women. Even now they still sought him out. I watched, narrow-eyed, as new ones came up, threatened, and disappeared. But Howard was oblivious. He was a family man now. And I was the monument to his new life.

"I'm going to diet when this is all over. Because this diet."

"No," he protested. "Don't. I did a little gymastics." "This stuff is going to fall off like an inkblot."

"Don't lose my favorite parts," Howard warned.

We went to visit other couples who nested in their

apartments. Judy and Lenny Miller had a little girl named Roberta. Her toys were always in evidence, a vaporizer was her constant bedside companion.

Howard and I typically in to admire her. When she was awake she was a freak kid, the kind who senses whenever she speaks, and who answers cold, freely questions with, "No, silly," or, "No, stupid," a precious kid who makes nose-picking a public passion.

But now the steam curled her hair into hair-raising tendrils. The hiss of the vaporizer and the everted ruck of her breath. We whistled in this shrine, made sacred by the miracle.

When we tiptoed back to the living room, I thought, Howard doesn't even feel trapped. He actually wants a baby, wants this whole homely scene for his own. And I hadn't really trapped him anyway, had I? But the sperm the true answer, these little Weismannian breakthroughs to their destiny? Or is the egg the help, after all, waiting in ambush, ready to rear the first innocent stray?

"Who really did this?" I once asked Howard.

But he thought it was a theological point. "God, I suppose, if you believe in Him," he said.

We sat in the Millers' living room among the debris and leavings of playtime. Howard rested a proprietorial hand on my belly. All conversation came back to the invisible subject.

"My doctor said he never saw anything like it," Judy said. "He had real tears in his eyes when he held Roberta up."

It might have been sweat, I thought. Motherhood could make some women whitewash anything.

She was talking about the natural-childbirth course they had taken, where she had learned to breathe the right way during labor, so that she was able to be a really active member of the delivery team.

Lenny had been there, too. Now he picked up a baby shoe and allowed us to observe the wonder of its rim in the width of his palm. "It was a beautiful experience," Lenny said. "Most of the time we're working against nature in the births of our children. It's hypocrisy to keep the father outside, a stranger at the gates, so to speak."

What a metaphor!

He advised Howard not to be that notorious slacker, the beleaguered father who drops his seed and runs. Lenny had been right there, rubbing Judy's back, speaking encouragement, talking and stroking his child into the world.

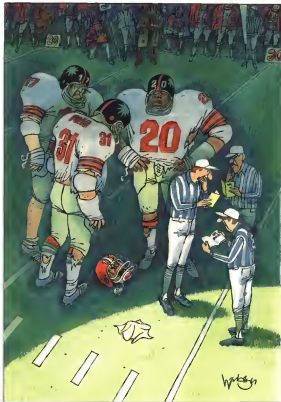
I could sense Howard's excitement.

Then Judy brought out the photographs. We had seen them before, of course, but it seemed appropriate to see them once again, at that moment Lenny was careful to hand them to us in proper chronological sequence. Judy, huge, hormonal on the delivery table. Himself, the masked robber of innocence, smiling at her with his eyes. The doctor, gleaming with sweat, tears, his hand spread and hot to view.

Oh, God, what was I doing?

Judy grimaced, clenched, contracted, all her agonies reflected in the other faces.

"See?" Lenny pointed out. "I was in labor, too." Then, "Here she comes!" (Continued on page 119)



by Larry L. King

We Ain't Trash No More!

How Jimmy Carter led the rednecks from the wilderness

The ancient vow of the South to rise again was fulfilled at that moment in Jimmy Carter's acceptance speech when he indicated his heart harbored a special love for all people, including in particular "the Eye-talians."

Well, you just can't imagine what that infection went to hearts here and home in Dixie. Of Southern boys around the world, recognizing the nuances and shadings of home, latched to their collective feet, spilling right smart amounts of bourbon and branch water over the rims of their gold goblets or jolly glasses, and with wet eyes hoarsely proclaimed: "We ain't trash no more!"

Truth. That's what you durnykes peckerwoods been treating us like from the minute y'all won The War, just because we fired on Fort Sumter before remembering we didn't own any ball-bearing factories. You've laughed at those of us from the ball-weevil-and-pellagra belt, and mimicked us, and heaped indignities on us to include usury, corruption troops, federal marshals, and the special slanders that we're born pink-eyed and don't grow decent olives because too often our mammas and daddies proved to be more than lusty mamas. You've called us everything but Indian and perfidious: hillbillies, hillbonds, weebaters, rednecks. You've made no distinctions between those of us who produce clear fruit-jar whiskey or pale idiot children and those of us who've went to Harvard. Let us go off in a corner to have a little talk with Jesus, and you suspect us of chinking snakes, catching fevers, and talking in tongues. The only time y'all have adopted or approved of one of us was when you suspected he might be taking on the part of us—as with Faulkner or Erskine Caldwell.

When Willie Morris (who got to be a Rhodes Scholar and editor in chief of *Harper's* magazine) met the Yankee poet Robert Frost and belated it up that he come from Mississippi, Frost readily volunteered, "Hell, that's the worst state in the Union." Morris countered by saying, "Well, we've turned out some mighty good writers." Frost sniffed and said, "Can't anybody down there read them, can they?"

Or take the way y'all treated ol' Lyndon Johnson. Maybe he did hookworm right much and ate too much barbecue sauce and tugged up his shirt to show his

belly scar after his operation, but hell, if he'd been from anywhere but Devils Home then y'all would've stopped at calling him an eccentric. Never mind that Johnson was quick-minded, more complex and Machiavellian than the vast majority of his detractors, and spent most of his life in Washington at the center of power. No, he was an accidental President from the Texas backwoods who'd had the bad luck to succeed Prince charming and so you equated him with his calves and found him as common as pig tracks.

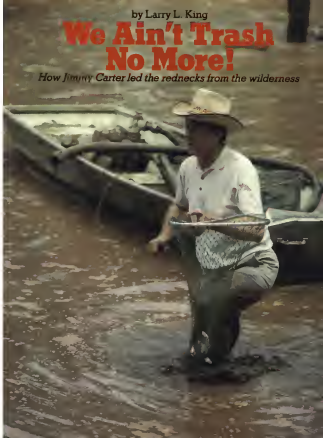
Y'all durnykes peckerwoods drive an one-way street in making your judgments, and we're about half tired of it. When we go against the grain, then the sky should fall on us and the survivors should be skinned alive or cut up for fish bait. When you act equally sinister, then it seems like the cat gets your tongue and there's a conspiracy to lock away from what's mean and small and tacky in you. Do you good Boston folk—who once sold slaves on Boston Common—wanna stop over here in the pea patch and talk to me about Little Boy Blues and the violence heaped on your kids while they were being bused to school? Now, I expect you'd rather talk about George Wallace or losing violence in South Carolina a decade ago. Come over here and tell me about Bill Connor's police dogs and fire hoses in Birmingham, so I'll have a chance to drop it on you about the many race riots of Detroit city. The sorry fact is that we've all been white racists, and you deserve as much of the tarnished trophy as the nose of Nixon.

Eastern Shalboard businessmen of my acquaintances have lunched in northward during wretched dinner parties while I scowled at chicken, various raw fishes, truck lettuce, suspect sauces, and other outright inedibles. One, a former lover—let your sweet ass—crustily announced at the beginning of each new culinary embarrassment, "Oh, he won't eat anything unless you can place it between two slices of bread and assure him it contains enough grease to run down to his elbow."

"He" would sit there growling fire in his gut while everybody smiled as if "he" had seven toes on one foot and only three on the other and probably couldn't crawl 'em never on either one, or slid away as if maybe "he" had a bad case of the pining itch. And then wandered—after all their meandering meanders—why "he" had so much Southern violence jumping in his blood that about the eighty-third time around "he" turned over the dinner table and poured expensive wine over the wreckage and its deserving victims. A

Author Larry L. King, a native Texan, durns hillfolk in all states of the Old Confederacy, many of whom are shamed by his New York address.

Photographed by Charles M. Bartholomew



gentleman to the core, however, "he" made may a public judgment when his Yankee-based lady failed her tests of each basic stroke as lumpy-green put, fried crabs, or peanut and lobster. You're just such ordinary mortals.

We've tried real hard, now, not to get mad. Given our dreary, we're long preferred to get even. Now that of Jimmy Cab-tah's got it and gone with it, let's drop a little something in y'all's ears: we're a heap more likely to reopen Andersonville prison than the Brooklyn New York. How you like these penance, good buddies?

You need to understand that Jimmy Carter himself not only isn't black, nor, he never was. No, Jimmy, he wasn't never even lucky. Maybe Daddy Carter had a little Snopes sloshing in him, but Ma Lillian, now, was of good stock—was'nt bit as good as Scarlett O'Hara and much more the grand lady—and she never let Jimmy forget his obligation to the better parts of his blood. Ma Lillian taught Jimmy each little ploy as he'd need to skin by and to meet all at things to be that self-sharing, re-petting, bright-smiling, well-rounded young man the townfolk would owe obligatory tips of the sombrero hat. Ma Lillian put it in her most promising son that minor evil-guins should occur wherever he stepped, and that's why he could stand out there in front of the factory gates up in New Hampshire and say with full confidence, "I don't intend to lose." Daddy, meanwhile, taught Jimmy to keep ledgers and the help in line. Jimmy was raised real proud.

I near 'bout rolled off the bed laughing when this affluent liberal New York lady (who learned sixty percent of what she knows of the South from a Red Singer movie and passed up the other ten percent in the Houston International Airport while waiting for her flight to Canada) asked whether I had been raised "in just as Jimmy Carter."

I said, "She-ee-dit, honey/lunch. Jimmy Cab-tah wasn't never pearl! Likely Jimmy carried right bred to school. I don't know of daddy kept round dango. And if he did, he didn't let 'em run loose in the yard or feed 'em on table scraps. I bet when the Cab-tahs killed bango—if they did—they give the headcheese to the nigger and didn't even render the big relatives down for lunch. Ma Lillian, now, she didn't no more make her soap in a bit of black muckpot than she scrubbed Jimmy's clothes on the rub board."

Her face went black.

"I bet two dollars and a dime Jimmy's folks never had a of rusty Dixie cupped up in a Co-Cola crates in the front yard, and that no Cab-tah ever drove the school bus or picked up pennies on the halves. They didn't whitewash old trees and half bury 'em in the yard and then plant minnows in the middle. Likely they grew grass in the front yard, 'stead of them sweeping it down with a broom on Saturdays. And for all his being a 'born-again' Christian, I expect of Jimmy never ate off an silver-plated The Last Supper in twenty-four slanting chairs or served a seven-course lunch of Jesus Christ that glowed in the dark."

The nice Yankee lady continued to wear that look of pure bewilderment; I tried again to make the obvious more clear.

"Jimmy didn't study no gift-bidding fighting," I said. "He didn't use a ten-puller hard bucket for an otherwise or make himself window curtains out of gung-seeds. His chair wasn't even cane-bottomed. Most likely Jimmy never even drank out of a jelly glass or used a gourd for a water dipper. Jimmy's people didn't even keep a pet black snake in the house to eat mice and rats—I doubt they even had a mousetrap. The Cab-tahs was evenly folk."

Jimmy Carter is a hard-nosed businessman—aggritix kind, entrepreneur—with a soul probably closer kin to that of the old-time plantation owner than to that of any fuzzy-minded social engineer. Maybe Jimmy holds no slaves, but he's controlled sharecroppers. If he's never outright opened the classic company store, the Carters have kept the next thing to it, Jimmy owns about two thousand acres, even if it ain't on the right side of the George Washington Bridge.

Jimmy can do his Tom Sawyer let all be waste—tramping around barefoot while drawing disbands for the camera, playing radioist softball; recalling all the wonderful little peckableness he played with in childhood—but don't forget his family maintained its own tennis courts. You might remember, too, that Jimmy—in keeping with a certain Southern tradition—sent off to Annapolis to become one of those distant officers ruler over the U.S. Navy, the most social and unashamed of the military services. Now, you won't find no tattoos on Jimmy and likely he didn't mail any gaudy TWEETHEART pillows home from midshipman's school.

Jimmy Carter has proved he's smart and tough; I also suspect he's about half mean. This conviction is based on more than the observation that his mouth often smiles when his eyes do not. He's a "born sinner," an evangelist. You can shake every greater plant and manna bush between here and Stone Mountain without finding a group more wedded to its absolutes or less tolerant of dissent. Jimmy may prattle on about love and Jesus, but at the bottom of that soft spiritual goop is a bedrock conviction that the vegetal Old Testament God, extracting eyes for eyes and teeth for teeth, is what makes the rule play.

It may be all right for an idealistic young Jehovah to play a bit honestly with the leaves and fistas among the Jimmy maltrude, so long as he understands that the greater good will one day require him to wear a crown of thorns, drink vinegar, and hang by his bloody hands until the ghost is gone. Ain't no free lunch, you see. You gotta pay the piper for all dances. Jimmy Carter's creed teaches that what you sophisticated dispensation often call fun is the sort of sinful mischief certain to be taxed—even to the extent of eternal torment. Maybe that's why you'll never discover more than a nickel's worth of humor in Jimmy. Fun is far the ferocious, and Jimmy sees the world as a hard and awful place. Men was put here to suffer, to atone, to repent, to confess, to surrender, to witness, or else to hole and well-did.

Jimmy likely won't keep any pretty little of enemies like as did Nixon; his assumption is that everybody not for him early was on the other side, and there are simply too many names to (Continued on page 189)



The Skin-Book Boom:

What Have They Done to the Girl Next Door?



Photographed by Greg Marks

For openers:

**They've chained her and shamed her and tied her to the bed.
They've put words (among other things) into her mouth.
They've taken out the beauty
but left in the beast.**

**They've taken over the newsstands. And they've made big bucks.
How many bucks? Who are they? Read on.**

There was a time, boys and girls, when your local newsstand sold newspapers and the magazine rack at your corner drugstore held big glossy numbers with titles like *Life*, *Look*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and even *Collier's*. That was when we had a President who was chiefly a quiler and whom nobody suspected of cheating on his scorecard. Into that idyl came one Hugh Hefner, a man with an idea whose time had come.

Hefner owned the rights to the famous Marilyn Monroe calendar photographs and built a magazine around them. He and a few friends put the whole thing together on their savings and some borrowed money and spent a good long time worrying over what to call the final product. It came down to a choice between *Day Party* and *Playboy*. Which leads to all sorts of fruitless ruminations about the root not taken.

At any rate, *Playboy* was a greater success—a sellout, actually, even Hefner said his friends had doted hope. They were so uncertain about the project that they didn't even date the first issue for fear there might not be a second. But at a time there was indeed there was. And a third and a fourth, until, two years later, in 1955, the magazine was showing a substantial profit. It was only a few years away from making history.

What distinguished *Playboy* at first was early, innocent days the quality of the photographs and the models. Other magazines had shown as much skin, but it was stretched around especially unappealing bodies. And the faces above those bodies were enough to frighten a guard dog. Not so with Hefner's girls, whom he called Playmates. They were healthy and attractive and if you could talk to a

magazine—no doubt some did—you would have been tempted to ask, "What a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?" Hefner admitted that was then the genius of *Playboy*, he was merely showing the girl next door, and who, except for a touch of extraneous blueness, could object to that?

Time passed. Imitators like *Dude* and *Geet* and *Reggie* and *Cavalier* hit the stands, but *Playboy* continued to dominate the field. Then in 1968, along came Bob Guccione with *Penthouse* magazine. From the beginning, *Penthouse* was a different beast, an unabashed imitator of *Playboy*. Guccione's only aspiration, in fact, was to take pictures of the girl next door when she was in heat. (And to show public hair, which had been discreetly hidden or embarrassed in *Playboy*.) *Penthouse's* first stored at its impressively through a film of Vaseline while they bedded themselves with their hangers or a handy toyboy. The girl next door suddenly wanted it and wanted it dirty. Which, apparently, was how a lot of readers wanted her. Last year, *Penthouse* sold 1,469,000 issues a month worldwide as opposed to *Playboy's* 3,600,000.

Guccione likes to tout his magazine as the "leader in the investigation-reporting field." Hefner's *Larry Flynt* abuses. Bob Guccione is just selling his 'n' one and is embarrassed to admit it. Hefner is selling the same thing, but we are proud of it. Because we aren't repressed. "Which is just about the last thing anybody would call *Playboy* or his magazine. Begun as a peevish reaction to *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, with no pretense of sophistication, Hefner is now the third-leading seller in the field. His advertisement is as popular as "The Magazine Nobody Quotes," which

isn't the half of it. Hefner's girl next door comes on so strong that you're tempted to move to a separate neighborhood.

But the magazine is perhaps the most spectacular success story of them all. From an original sale of 160,000 copies at \$1.35 each in July of 1954, Hefner now sells a cool 3,000,000 copies a month at \$1.35. According to *Playboy*, the magazine will make a \$30,000,000 profit this year. Hefner is published in Columbus, Ohio (Columbus, Ohio?), which may partially explain *Playboy's* newest version, *Chic*.

Coming out of Los Angeles (that's more like it), *Chic* was just like the monster of the men's magazines. The first issue in and it is unquestionably the shakiest new skin book to come down the pipe. The colors could stop traffic. As for the girl next door... well, if you lived in an expensive high rise and only saw her going out in the evening and coming in at dawn, this might just happen.

A little ahead of *Guilty* and just behind Hefner is *Out*, Hefner's second magazine, which was designed to compete with *Penthouse*, but which seems to have taken most of its readers from *Playboy*.

Guilty doesn't do quite as well as Hefner, but publisher Steve Saunders takes pride in his product. "We have achieved acceptance," he says, "but quite in a different class from Hefner. In fact, I don't even like to be mentioned in the same breath with such a crude, smirking publication." *Playboy* is characteristically diplomatic in his reply. Everybody knows that Steve Saunders is an outside joke that didn't, but then we start staring to look into that thing. *Guilty* is just a crude rip-off of *Playboy*. As for advertisers, Hefner doesn't need them.

Behind *Guilty* is Tony Powers' *Club* as English import. *Club's* girl next door is a little difficult to pin down (where?), but subtle it is to say that while she is more attractive than the Hefner girl, she seems as often as not to have a hang for the girl next door herself. (You could get a headache trying to untangle this business.)

Following *Club* is *High Society*, which has only been around since last May. It describes itself as "upbeat ranch" a magazine that doesn't take cheap shots like *Playboy*. (There haven't been too many chances to write since the Salem witch trials.) This may be so, but *High Society* and Hefner seem to live next door to the same girl. *High Society* does get some mileage out of its publisher (and porn star) Sue Richards. However, the magazine was actually started by one Peter Wolf, a thirty-five-year-old vet of the porno wars, who has since left to start another new magazine. Then Hefner's girl next door has spent dropping all her eyebrows. From that sort of thing Wolf expects personally to make about \$250,000 in his first year.

Which probably explains why there is so much in sight. There are rumors of publications with names like *Straw and Peas*. Perhaps they and others we've never heard of will be on the stands as you read this—you can get to this without the crowding at the newsstands.

It would take a Menckian to sort all of this out and make sense of it on a petty phone. And anyway, we don't have the heart. We're still wondering about that porn prince next door. How do her parents feel? God, how does the feel? Isn't there anything we can do to make her cross her legs? Put on just a few clothes? Shh! Probably not. Well, as long as you know who killed the buffalo and cut out the neckwoods you might as well know who deflowered the girl next door. Turn the page and see who some of them are. How they see themselves and what they sell. Meanwhile, try to remember her as she was radiant with pure skin, sparkling teeth, flame hair and innocent eyes. Oh, God, it's so much TURN THE PAGE.

**What does the proliferation
of skin books say about America?
Esquire asked many,
but only a few
were brave enough to answer:**

Rep. Morris Udall:

I remember when I was a boy the type of pornography we have today just wasn't around. But there were a lot of peepes in the back of the bar-made pictures and the like. It's just more open, more permissive and there plentiful today. But there's a self-correcting mechanism in human affairs—when people get too much of something they tend to turn it off. I think that's the direction we're heading in now. I think really young children ought to be protected from pornography. Personally, if I had to pick an open eye for protection it would be up to fourteen, fifteen or sixteen.

Paul Mazursky:

We're really come full circle. We're like the ancient Romans with the Colosseum. If we didn't have dirty magazines, we have to kill for entertainment.

Masters and Johnson:

We haven't done any research on the subject [dirty magazines] and therefore have nothing of significance to offer. We try never to give an opinion but attempt to report on events that have been thoroughly researched to our satisfaction.

Tiny Tim:

America is joining the rest of the world in becoming a Sodas and Gonorrhea. We are hitching our wagons to a star with the hills.

But as for me personally, it's another story. Doggone it, if I those magazines were a girl in the eyes of the Lord, I would have no story of them! I'd have scrapbooks full of their pictures. And I'd buy two copies of *Penthouse* every month so I'd have an extra copy of *Forum* to give the new admen on how to do it—o!

If only those things were right.

Hugh Hefner:

It says that we are becoming more openly interested in sex.

Different Strokes for Different Folks:

A Consumer's Guide

by Harry Stein



PUBLICATION	COVER PRICE	SLOGAN	EDITORIAL ORIENTATION*	PHOTO QUALITY	CENTERFOLD	PIKIN**	SWIM	INTERPERSONAL COUNSEL†
ALL-MAN	\$1.50	None	A	C	None	No	No	Yes
BEAVER	\$1.00	The "Wildlife" Magazines	B	D+	Severe	No	No	Yes
CANDY	\$1.00	None	A	C+	None	No	No	Yes
CAVALIER	\$1.00	None	B	D+	None	No	No	Yes
CHERI	\$1.00	None	A	B	None	Yes	Yes	Yes
CLUB	\$1.19	None	C+	A+	None	Yes	No	Yes
DANCE	\$1.25	None	A	C	None	No	No	Yes
ESCAPADE	\$1.79	None	B	B	None	No	Yes	Yes
GALLERY	\$1.19	For Men Who Love Life	C+	A	None	No	No	Yes
GEN	\$1.00	None	A	C	One of the Month	No	No	Yes
GENESIS	\$1.00	The Magazine for Men	C+	A	Playboy	Yes	No	Yes
HIGH SOCIETY	\$1.79	The Magazine That Does It All!	C+	A	Society's Choice	Yes	Yes	Yes
HUSTLER	\$1.00	For the Real of the World	B	A	Swampy Bizarre	Yes	No	Yes
KIDST	\$1.10	None	B	B+	None	No	No	Yes
MEG	\$1.00	None	B	B	Men's Mail	No	No	Yes
MUGSET	\$1.10	The Men's World	B+	B+	None	Yes	Yes	Yes
ONE	\$1.00	For the Men of the World	C	A	Not	No	No	Yes
PENTHOUSE	\$1.70	The International Magazine for Men	C+	A+	Not of the Month	No	No	Yes
PLAYBOY	\$1.20	Entertainment for Men	C+	A+	Playmate of the Month	No	No	Yes
PLAYERS	\$1.20	For Men Who Love	C+	A	Playmate Choice	No	No	Yes
PSY	\$1.75	For Men Who Love Women	C+	A+	None	No	No	Yes
ROGUE	\$1.00	None	B	C	Yes, but somewhat	Yes	Yes	Yes
STAG	\$1.00	None	B	B	King Cole	No	Yes	Yes
SWANK	\$1.75	The Magazine for Commanding Adults	C+	A+	None	No	No	Yes
SWIMMER	\$1.00	None	B+	C+	None	No	No	Yes

* Editorial designations

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LEERMAN COMPLETE	THUNDERBOLT	THEIR GIRL NEXT DOOR	TYPICAL FEATURE	SPECIAL HAND-UP
Yes	Yes	Anyone who is undeniably handsome	Woman's Not Excess	Sexual
No	No	Almost - but never entirely - nude. A slinky, a nightgown, a parrot, something small remain in.	The Place Movement ("Get-to-know-it, remember the good times of childhood")	Informal sex
Yes	Yes	Those of the largest breasts known to men, men are larger.	Memories of a Summer's Romance	Lessons with Love
No	No	Should be, but also and large breasts	Give the Lady What She Wants	Love and Lust
Yes	Yes	A combination of the public body	Angels with Dirty Faces (partially of the innocent after)	Gynecology
Yes	Yes	Full-figured and pretty	Profile of David Bowie	Female masturbation
No	No	Poor complexion	Seven Special Ways to Enjoy a Woman	Foreword parties
Yes	Yes	She shows no signs and has a healthy for her body.	Oh! Doctor ("I have many professional men")	Ward-leigh magazine
Yes	Yes	The California look - dark and tan	The Approaching Men of the Living Love (by James Aronson)	Edison around the world
Yes	Yes	Anyone who wears a nice double-D cup	I'll be Tui	Udders
No	No	A girl in the process of becoming a lady (or a lady in the process of becoming a girl)	The GB Group: Seduction by Radio	Ward chains
Yes	Yes	A higher priced spread	Artists' Best Friend: The Top 100	Leather
Yes	Yes	She has a look	Money Rules (by James Aronson)	Fence
Yes	Yes	Someone in black face (or in a black face)	My Summer Fantasies in the Sun	Black man
Yes	No	Black and white of the living line	Black and white of the living line	Vegetarian
Yes	Yes	Black to make (or a black to make)	Black to make (or a black to make)	Black to make
Yes	Yes	She could be a high-fashion model	The Whole Bedroom Catalog	Surge
Yes	Yes	A sultry, soft focus beauty in a sexy setting	The Penthouse Vietnam War: A Story	Amputation
Yes	Yes	Your girl next door, plus some	Playboy Interview	Shout-it-out able
No	No	Black and beautiful	Black and beautiful	Codified hair
Yes	Yes	Small and innocent	Small and innocent	Small
Yes	Yes	Seemingly looking like a lady	Seemingly looking like a lady	Seemingly looking like a lady
Yes	Yes	Seemingly looking like a lady	Seemingly looking like a lady	Seemingly looking like a lady
Yes	Yes	She dresses in black and red and reds on for men.	The Lushness of the Living Line	Ward chains
Yes	Yes	Black and white a party ball	Black and white a party ball	Black and white a party ball

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Where Will They Go From Here?

Well, we're not sure either, but, gentlemen, start your cameras!

by Roy Blount Jr.

Even when we were kids and *pinups* were really something Eddie Uterbund knew that the magazine we perused in his garage would go further than the rest of us dreamed. The day would come, he kept telling us, when we could walk right into a nice drag-show where everyone knew us, put down half a dollar and see everything.

"Aw, now," we'd say. "Yeah, yeah, they will. They'll show the hair and everything."

"Of old haars and things. That was the way we thought you spelled it. Because we'd never seen it spelled."

Now, of course, "We didn't believe him. I don't think we even wholeheartedly wanted to believe him. It was too much. But Uterbund, except that he didn't figure million was right."

And he grew up to be a media consultant, so I still run into him occasionally. He has maintained a strong interest in skin magazines. I remember he predicted a double digit year ago. Next they'll show pink.

I was ashamed to admit I even understood what show pink meant. "Aw, no," I said. "Who really wants to look at pink? Anyway, pictures of it."

"He, he, so, as if to imply that I pretended too much. They'll show pink. They'll show purple."

"Why?"

"Because it's there."

Uterbund's concern with that kind of thing has always struck me as too explicit or something. But after all, one does wonder these days—just as one once wondered about logical positivism or dissent—where dry magazines can go next. So when Uterbund called me the other day and said he was himself planning to start a new

breakthrough dry magazine and needed a contributing editor, I agreed to meet him for lunch.

"What is left for dry magazines?" I asked him.

"Well obviously," he said, "there are ideas that still haven't been crossed." He was having the haecce luo yung. He likes Cuban-Cuban restaurants because they resemble him, of an act on a scale of his once saw in pre-Castro Havana, featuring a darky and a bound leech. "We haven't had glossy illustrations yet. Or even a full erection in the back."

"I'm talking over-the-counter right here—just to Commentary and McCall's, now, of course. At that level frankly, I don't know that magazines will ever go to anything. No. I'll tell you what the next big thing is. I'll tell you what the next breakthrough skin magazine is going to be. Uterbund pushed aside his haecce. His eyes were unusually bright. He said, he handed another *lapidus*.

He looked off into the distance, such as it was in the restaurant there. *Full Complex*.

"Achieved. There was a pause. In keeping with the cuisine, he looked both inflamed and miserable. I got the feeling Uterbund had been working on his prospectus."

Let me just give you an idea of what could be done. A class act. Name of the magazine: *Myrrh*. We get lost on we order class every month beneath the moonlight, from the Song of Songs.

I rose up to open to my beloved. And my hands dropped with myrrh. And my fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh. Upon the handles of the lock."

"You do use the Bible?"

"Who's going to read? And incidentally, you could sell a lot of

quagga myrrh itself, mail order. But that's incidental."

Features. A little *magazine*. For example, a 1936 *Life* Great is a Party spread, some ladies, some decor, some skin loose, only it gets out of hand. Everybody loses their heads and gets naked, right?

"Here's another. Modeling session, right? Starts out okay, first page she's going along, gradually slipping out of things and rubbing herself with a velvet pillow and a bunch of grapes and muzzing, but then turn the page, she's disrobed. You want me to whip? What kind of girl? Famous Eyes. Bashing hair ruffled. Shot of her throwing her blouse and skirt back on, shot of her stooping out, half buttoned with her in hand. She's gone. She never gets raised. For months, letters. Can't you talk Candy Veronense of your August issue into coming back? Who does this Candy Veronense think she is, holding out on us? Signed The Sixth Fleet." Does she come back? Maybe. Maybe not. Manipulation starts. Some months, we report she seems maddened. Sometimes she's putting

I know what you're going to say. We'd never find a model who'd actually get outraged. But the readers don't know that. We could find one who could take it.

Letters. No more. I never believed any of those letters you print about prolonged bouts of passionate oral lovemaking right on top of the teacher's desk while everyone in the room looked on. That is still my History of Western Civ class yesterday. That stuff is played out. You need to attract a different type of letters. You might get a few that sounded like letters to The Times of London on sighting the first nucleus of the spring, only they would be about vulvas. We could get lively controversies going between top

authorities in which they could call each other fifty names.

Service articles. *Edible penises—how are they nutritionally?* Simple methods for keeping count of your dimes in a swimming pool. What to do for snakebite of the cervix. How to regain your footing on Weense Oil Again, imagination.

Advice column. It's Ask Our Amy. All kinds of gummy questions come in—and Amy doesn't understand any of them. She has grown up, she's older, refers to heavier as "down there," gives incredibly sane advice. Gets so embarrassed finally she says she thinks she's going to cry. So now everybody is writing in, explaining things to her. Nicely. Gently. Affectionately.

"Gradually, gradually, over a course of months, she begins to get hip. Opens up to things. Wears more and more revealing clothes in her pictures. Even gets a little rowdy in an unaffected way. Everybody is hot. Everybody's heart open. She drives everybody in the country CRAZY."

Then, she begins to answer the letters. By bit her advice, her features, coarsen. She gets into and advocates hard liquor, drugs, every kind of group and individual debauchery. People write in, "Amy, don't cheapen yourself!" She advises them to shave it. Finally, above her last column, she sits there brazenly spread and smooching a pen about it. Well, it's what America for so long has been dying to see. But now, somehow, it isn't so great. Her face is not the same. Her advice has become jaded, glazed over. Next month we announce we had to let her go. She is reported doing French Dominant in a New York massage parlor, her face. Then she drops out of sight entirely. So many people haven't been moved to tears since the death of Little Nell.

I didn't know what to say. "It's tough," Uterbund conceded. "It's life. Her old sister takes over the column."

I told him I thought a job on a magazine like that would be too much for me emotionally. "But Eddie," I said, "you're a visionary."

That's not what you said, he replied, "when I told you they were going to show pink."





"... and here's Lenny with the weather."

Oh, My Aching Back

by Brock Brouwer

You don't die from back problems—it isn't that easy

I figure my own trouble really started during the *Amint* of 1964, when the human spine—just to stand a body upright—had to twist back on itself twice. To gain enough bearing strength. Here is how *Greyn's Anatomy* lists all the curves that evolved in the stinky thing:

At the neck, it curves in for seven cervical vertebrae: C1, called the *Atlas* because it holds the weight of the head on its "shoulders," C2, C3, C4, C5, C6, and then the big neck bump, C7.

Next, along the ribs, it curves out for twelve thoracic, or dorsal, vertebrae: T1 through T12, tight with the rib cage; T11 and T12, articulating with the floating ribs.

Then, at the lower back, it curves in again for five lumbar vertebrae: L1 through L5, each knottier than the next and more surely hardened.

Finally, at the pelvis, it curves out again, but only ventrally: five sacral vertebrae fused into S1, and four other vertebrae fused into the tiny coccyx.

Making twenty-four moving parts altogether is a long double-S from *Atlas* to tailbone. So that what most people like to think of as a good, straight backbone really looks like a skinned sidewinder with its coils cut off.

In between, of course, come the disks. Here is one doctor's summary description of a spinal disk: "Works just like a water bed. If you want a pretty good model, take a beach ball and fill it a quarter full of the heaviest crude oil you can find, then sit on it. That's how a vertebra cushions itself. But things can happen to a disk. The beach ball gets a bulge—herniates, we say—or the crude oil begins to degenerate. Not so bad if the trouble causes the disk to slip forward or set to the sides, but not so good if the disk starts to slip backward, pressing against the nerves of the spinal cord. Then, sometimes, we have to go in and pick it right out of there."

Only my trouble wasn't with a disk. My trouble was that from birth, at the bottom of my lumbar curve,

Brock Brouwer is a novelist and a frequent contributor to *Esquire*.



L5 was not the house it ought to have been. Most likely when I was six, according to the medical odds, it cracked. That is called *spondylolysis*. Probably when I was sixteen or seventeen, before skeletal maturity, I did myself no good by playing high-school football. Clearly, when I was past forty and tried one day to re-rout a six-foot pine tree with a very large, wet earth ball, L5 began a slow, desperate slide off the curve at S1. That is called *spondylo-lythesis*, and it is enough to make a man forget all about standing upright, put him flat back down on his belly to slobber and crawl for the cone from whence he spinelessly came.

Luckily, I had a few friends handy in what I call the back patrol. Peter Bonchaly belongs, George J. W. Goodman ("Adam Scott"), and other hyperkinetic back sufferers. The back patrol follows a strict regimen of preventive exercises and has for its drill instructor an ex-W.A.C. physiotherapist named Dawn in New York City. All raw recruits are sent to Dawn for basic training, to untuck the muscle spasms that are the brain suffering of any aching back.

I lasted the course. Dawn does have a

war with her. She trains a man up to where he can lie flat, back his head down almost between his squashed buttocks, and crack his back like a peanut. I finished each session in perfect wobbleboard-chin-strengthened tris.

Only to arrive back at the typewriter, hit one key a little off center, and sink into absolute misery.

Thus is not the fate of most back sufferers, I hasten to say. The conservative approach does work in roughly two out of every three cases, given a good doctor and a cooperative patient. Exercise, massage, relaxation, traction when necessary, plain old bed rest will usually keep a back sufferer from having to go the radical route of surgery.

That is why I kept trying so hard, for almost a year. But the more I did the exercises—which got to be as boring as the Bible—in the light-tinted tum-tam and tank, stretched out those muscles, the worse my back got. In fact, it only seemed to improve with criminal speed.

"There is no test," my doctor insisted, "to say whether you are among the two thirds saved or the one third lost."

Still, I took the tests. Including an electromyogram to find out, via pins stuck into tender neural nodes, if I was altogether alive and twitching, mobile, even potent. I consulted other doctors, who bent back my every toe, shaved thumbs like Brown Army levers into my spine, and wrote down the names of other doctors. Once I tried a galvanator, an anesthetized machine that sparks paralyzed muscles into action much the way you jump a dead battery. I even went a brace—a so-called jumbo giraffe—under so soft I could only nerve myself drinks by leaning at this knee while only terroring sideways. Lots of tricks.

Finally, I set out one wintery day to mail a letter. An armful letter to Japan. I held it lightly in one hand for several blocks but then had to shift my grip so that I could drag it along the sidewalk, first on one corner, then on the other, like a steamer trunk. Thus heaving it up and leaving it down the road did not stop the searing agony. When I got back home, I had to have help pushing the buttons on my electric razor. "There comes a point," he admitted, "when conservative treatment begins to look more radical than surgery."

That is when I decided to take a good, long, dose look of my own back. Which is not that easy since, by its very location, any back has its better pretty well hidden. For instance, in the case of my own complaint—"spindy," as it is medically nicknamed—there is sometimes a telltale spine. A triangular hairy patch at the base of the spine, protruding darkly over the skin spot. Yet I never noticed, until my doctor made me do some tight looking and angling into his office mirror.

There it was, like the crack of the heart. Impossible not to feel it while voodooed by a back ailment. Again, enough X-ray evidence exists to indicate that few per cent of the American population has the lyra, or crack in the vertebrae that leads to my peculiar slippage of the spine. But that would be ten million people. If ten million backs ever went out on mass in this country, we would organize to cure quickly ahead of Moscow.

So why, then, is it that only a few of that number ever do go out? Similarly, why are not all disk problems a problem? Is back pain ultimately due to physical defect, or to the attitude of my life-style? If the latter, are our sedentary or our violent habits more to blame? Is there a clue in the historical fact that the Japanese—free of back problems for all those centuries that they sat on tatami mats on the floor—are suddenly up to our levels of complaint since they adopted Western ways of parking themselves in chairs?

Casualty, much is still unknown. Some psychiatrists even suggest that the back may literally bear the burden of psychological stress and collapse under the weight, for example, of a divorce. To raise almost, left carefully from the lines. Only one thing is certain, that a bad back is not due to anything unworldly called "my bad luck," "my accident," etc., vague but chronic disabilities that once put men into rocking chairs for the rest of their born days, particularly rainy ones.

In fact, what lately seems almost an epidemic of back complaints may be, some medical authorities believe, an increasing refusal by back sufferers to accept the old rocking-chair solution. Doctors are seeing more bad backs because more people, among the active life that is both pursued in America as happiness, are demanding good backs.

I knew that is how I began to think, staring awkwardly over my shoulder into the mirror, down the undulating spinal ridge to its haw-crowed fault at L5-S1. A itch I could feel, even make crack and rumble like loose ballroom on an overhang. I wanted a better backside than that so I could swim, play tennis, walk to the corner and even mail letters again. And if this meant some risk and a tease try at spot welding along the curvature of the lower spine, I was willing to become that much of a house man.

I was laid out on the operating table, face down and bump up like a dead cowpoke across the saddle of his old past. There are some few back surgeons who can perform the entire no procedure alone, but they are even rarer than great hand surgeons, so that usually the operation is done, as in my case, by committee. The first man to make his cut was the neurosurgeon.

"... a vertical midline incision was made over the lower lumbar and upper sacral spines. The incision was carried down to the tips of the spinous processes and the lumbosacral fascia was incised in the mid-line. The paravertebral musculature was stripped from the spinous processes and laminae very widely." And so on. What all this means is that my lower back was surgically sliced.

Next he performed "a generous partial hemilaminectomy" on the left side of L5-S1 and the same—less generously—on the right side. This means he beveled out grooves in both sides of two vertebrae below the knobby parts and left my bone exposed. He found no problem with my disk, conferring a nauseating no-groom I had already undergone. So he simply noted in passing that "the posterior elements of L5 were extremely loose"—i.e., they looked like a steppe-no pretzel—and turned the knife (continued on page 114)



LESSONS FOR THE RESTLESS

by Debra Beck
You will learn to do schereenschritte!

Did you ever go to a rodeo and spend the next two months trying to lose your dog with a clothesline? Or maybe it happened somewhere else. You went to a circus and spent the next six years juggling—well, dropping—tomatoes. Or to a music show and spent your allowance on card tricks, invisible ink and a plastic bachelorette that sprayed your friends in the face with water. If you have had any of these obsessions, you'll know what we mean—the things you always wished you had learned. Here at last—a never too late—in a copy of course to satisfy unfulfilled fantasies.

You will undoubtedly notice that you never had a fantasy about some of these courses. That, we maintain, is only because you never knew the subject existed in the first place. All courses are short in duration and long on satisfaction and offer years of leisure-time enjoyment. What's missing? Well, one of us wanted to learn to play the accordion when he was seven years old, but we just put that down to bad judgment.

GUINART

Okay. You went and paid \$125 for the Guinness! Food Preference, even bought the doobiebooks to go with it, and all you can make it do is show rumour. You're not getting tired of cucumber salad. Take a course.

The Guinness Tea Shoppe Inc.
133 East 66th Street
New York, New York 10021
One two hour course. \$15.00

JUGGLING

Carla teaches juggling short with balls advance to hoops and clubs and anything you juggle thereafter is a variation, etc. A lesson you already know. As we all seem, for instance, to be about a club, a dinner plate, a hoop. Carla also teaches Rude Shaggs—two going opposite directions on one arm, eyes lower—one in each hand. Juggling a hand between them, and still walking, where the only hint is how high you can kick your legs.

Carla
1 Lighthouse Road
Southold, New York 11971
Private lesson, \$10.

MAGIC

It's not that the head is quicker than the eye but that the hand can trick the eye into thinking it has seen something it hasn't or into making something it has. Get it?

John Lerner
c/o Magic Castle
7031 Franklin Avenue
Hollywood, California 90228
Private lesson, \$25



EARLY AMERICAN CRAFTS

It seems that while Henry was pulling a Ford in your future he was also preserving the crafts of your past. In 1939, Henry Ford founded Greenfield Village, a collection of nineteenth-century, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century historic American buildings transported to Michigan (see wheels, p. 24) and tucked down to the last square inch. It offers an incomparable selection of houses in Early American crafts, apple-bowl-dill making, candle making, deer-seal weaving, wood carving, leather-toy-bucket making, blacksmithing, antique-clock repairing and stained glass. There's also a class in soapmaking. If you appreciate buying two pounds of kitchen grease, an egg carton and lamb's Greenfield Village. Michigan 48121. Apple-bowl dill: November 13 9 a.m.-noon. \$6 (includes apple). Soapmaking and beryberry-candle making: November 30 9:30 a.m.-3:30 p.m. \$18. Craft classes are offered in the fall, winter and spring.

DULCINER LESSONS

There's only one way to play the dulcimer: sit on a milking stool and pluck the strings with a turkey quill. At least that's what some people say at the Appalachians Mountains, where the folk instrument originated. A representative from the Hughes Dulcimer Company will travel to over forty American cities this year to one-hour week-long workshops to show to make and play a dulcimer. He says that if you don't have a turkey quill you should cut a stop all on exposed credit card. It will do nicely. For a schedule, Hughes Dulcimer Co., Inc. 5663 West 12th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80215. Workshop costs the price of a lot \$12.50.



ARCHERY

Robert has it like most bowers is archery. Or maybe the next bowing is archery. It depends on your attitude. At any rate, the spirit of target shooting has grown in the last few years into a handful of indoor ranges to about one hundred twenty and it may become a rage. The game has been known as a distance, rules, rounds—and there are even leagues now in women's bowlers. The bowlers shoot at pictures of deer, bobcats, bears and rabbits. A bull's eye is an arrow in the heart. Archery anyone? Bets and Bow Archery 614 Washington Avenue, Louisville, New Jersey 07109. One lesson \$7 (includes equipment).

EQUESTRIAN JUMPING

Getting to the fence is more difficult than getting over it. This is not an ancient Chinese proverb but something that anyone who has tried to jump a fence and stay in the saddle knows. Acres Wild Riding Studios 262 Pound Hill Road, North Smithfield, Rhode Island 02891. (Thirty-five minutes from Boston and Providence). Private lesson \$15, group/private \$15 group, \$10.



CAKE DECORATING

People come from as far away as Alaska to take Dolores Meyers four-day course in cake decorating and the always warm them to watch out for overindulgence. Its symptoms are the tendency to cry all the drop flowers, borders, piped flowers, writing, scrolls and latticework onto the same cake. Let like your mother said—nobody loves a cake all. Mom or slave of. Mimi at Soundwaves Co. 2241 Raleigh Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55416. February 15-18, 22-25, March 15-18, April 12-15. Four sessions, \$90.

CAR REPAIR

First the mechanic replaced the battery. Then he replaced the alternator and the regulator. When the car still wouldn't start, he discovered what the problem was: faulty wiring between them. You spent \$180 to find out you needed a \$5 repair job. Next time, do it yourself. University Adult School, University High School, 11305 Texas Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90025. Begins in February, Monday, Wednesday evenings. Twenty session course \$12.25.



ROPE SPINNING

Jim Eskew Jr. knows the ropes (and an inner circle) that any good thing can be spun like a larri. He's been known to demonstrate this with chewing gum. Eskew was the title of World Champion Trick and Fancy Rider in 1966, spinning tricks around his competitors with ocean waves. Two stage Spanish (like, such as, peppers and butterflies). No one has challenged him since. Jim Eskew Jr. Box 13, Ardmore, Oklahoma 73401. Six periods all day lessons \$300.



NATURE TRIPS

The Seawater Islands named 4, wilderness which means land of the trembling earth. It's a black water swamp with great moss islands that give the chance of solitude and persistence where there's a center. Whole waterways have been known to disappear or shift overnight and should you try to stand on these floating forests the ground might sink under the weight of your body and swallow you up.

Wilderness Southwest an organization studied by botanists, zoologists and ecologists, outfit canoe and camping trips through the alligator-infested waters of the Caribbean Swamp as well as several slightly larger ruts, ditches in Seta and from other favorite backpacking and base camping along the forty foot dunes of Cumberland Island, a beachhead and more trip through the Florida Everglades. Take a scheduled rogan (also vary) or have one of the boats on your self.

Wilderness Southwest, P.O. Box 611, Savannah, Georgia 31406.



ROCKO RIDING

Get yourself down to Neurotypic. Okla. here, come spring for a live day (and in June and last riding you'll know, last says Jim Shoulders that you can't "out-ride" a fifteen-hundred-pound horse. There's more to riding backing because than holding on for dear life. Shoulders might be known—he has won several major championships in barrel-brace and Bismarck ball riding in a live-time winner of the World Champion All-Around Cowboy award and others' local meets all the backen horses your body can stand and a lot of badness. Jim and Jim Shoulders Bader Riding School, Neurotypic, Oklahoma 74137. April 4-9 25-30 \$303.



FRANKTUS AND SCHERNSCHNITTE

A long with usually pen and apple pasted, the Pennsylvania Dutch had a practice for two crafts called frankt and schernschnitte. Frankt—an ornate calligraphy based on a style of 18th-century Gothic lettering—was used on marriage and birth certificates. Schernschnitte—the art of winter cutting—was another way of saying, "I love you." In 1723 it was the first schernschnitte low letter was used by an artist along with several low poems and its relief styles. Unwired the object of his collection returned them, but the tradition has been low reduced to the Pennsylvania Farm Museum of Lenoir Valley. 3451, Kennel Hill Road, Lancaster, Pennsylvania 17601. Two four-week sessions of each craft, November and March. Frankt, \$6 schernschnitte \$7.



SWIMMING

What separates the swimmer from the duck is the gymnastic water sport of diving in freshwater areas—but it's a long way for a person's ability to be aware of his body in the air. You'll never know who that you'll get it until you try it.

Santa Monica Diving Club
Santa Monica Bay Wetland Pool
4000 Santa Monica Blvd.
Santa Monica, California 90405
Register in person Tuesday, Thursday evenings.
Eighteen-hour session: \$24

ICE CLIMBING

All the dry land practice in the world doesn't prepare you for being applied to a quiet frozen waterfall: four hundred feet up as ice melts only. It takes a certain kind of intensity to want to master a sport where the thrill is being frightened out of your mind. Whittaker takes you on.
Eastern Mountaineers Inc.
Main Street
North Conway, New Hampshire 03863
Sessions begin as soon as ice forms on the cliffs.
Reservations two weeks in advance.
All day group lesson: \$80 private: \$26-50

GLASSBLOWING

Glassblowing is hot art—a designation that refers not to the clay but to its temperature. Molten glass is blown at temperatures ranging from two thousand degrees Fahrenheit to almost three thousand degrees F, and the artists rarely get closer than three feet to the hot glass. How one shapes a golden or fad duster is something to experience yourself by comparing for three weeks in the Washington woods with the pros at the Potlatch Glass Center.
Potlatch Glass Center
1200 116th Street SW
Stonewood, Washington 98232
Session: July-September
Three-week session, \$60 (includes meals lodging)



FLY-FISHING

Waterfowl are the target at the bottom of a stream. At a given time, the larva swims to the surface, its skin breaks open and a winged insect called a darter struggles free. It is the moment the trout has been waiting for. He takes his error was fatal.

It isn't easy to pitch out a trout, but after a three-day course at the Ovens Fly-fishing School, you'll be trying Ovens Vermont Fly-fishing School.
10 River Road
Manchester, Vermont 05254
Session: last week of April through August
\$175 (includes food, lodging, three-day fishing license)

WHITE-WATER CANOING

In 1972, Terry and Corie started the first successful tandem raft of Bull State. Bull State is a worked-out of rapids on the wild Chattahoochee River at the southeast white-water river and the next step of the life. Delivered Terry is Claude Terry, co-founder of Southeastern Expedition, the organization that will give you your white-water essentials: a three-day course on the Chattahoochee on the banks of white-water canoeing or kayaking. Ask who's Corie's? Gave.

Southeastern Expedition Inc.
P.O. Box 30781
Atlanta, Georgia 30305
Minimum party size: six adults, twelve
\$330 per person (includes equipment)



MARINE EXPLORATION

Once a year the Florida Audubon Society sponsors a weekend course called Marine Life of the Florida Key Islands. Under the direction of the Wildlife and Marine Institute on Big Pine Key, there's bird-watching at dawn, laboratory work in the evening, and snorkeling all day in the coral reefs, where you might see a neon goby. This tiny fish will swim down the forest of large green meringe net, eat the bits of food it finds undigested and eat through the gills. Through the net is a predator. It never does on the goby. Would you eat your toothbrush?

Florida Audubon Society
Attn: Corie Palmer
P.O. Drawer 7
National Florida 32751
February 4-6
\$60 (includes meals, lodging)

STARGLAZING

When you're brushed with this course says Dr. Mark Chetani, chairman of the Hayden Planetarium, you'll be able to stand anywhere on the planet with a telescope and know where out there you are. If you have doubts, they'll be impressed.
Introduction to Celestial Navigation
Hayden Planetarium
Central Park West & 61st Street
New York, New York 10024
Begin January 12
Two sessions: \$75

HANG SLIDING

With trees and trees do it and the Snow Sky School will teach you how to. A few hours of ground school, some time in a light simulator, and you'll get your wings—a lot with a twenty-eight-foot rope. The sky may not be the limit, but sliding just below cloud level with a four-hour sky-degree, even should be as well.
Snow Sky School
Box 873
Stowe, Vermont 05472
One lesson: \$28 complete course: \$150

SAILING

Become a sailor in one weekend. Fortunately, you don't have to wait. At the Annapolis Sailing School, you can get your sea legs in late afternoon hours of theory, short reading, and emergency procedures, and eight hours of sailing in twenty-four-hour sleep. The school also has a five-day weekend course that adds a weekend cruise to the boat. You will travel in a fleet but skipper your own boat and you can make friends along the way. A chance of localities: a vacation at Thomas Virgin Islands, Concordia, California, Clear Lake, Texas, Annapolis, Maryland, St. Petersburg, Florida. All arrangements through mail or fax.

Annapolis Sailing School
Box 3334
Annapolis, Maryland 21403
Weekend course: \$98, five-day course: \$275, group rates available

SPRINKLING

The temperature is only two degrees in February and only two degrees in July. The low risk that can survive here is no preparation or eyes. Why have when you don't need? Is their world darkness is absolute and constant.

There are many of the kind of life in Johnson's Creek, Blowing Rock, and other known caves of Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee—some territory to sportsmen called spelunking. Spelunking experts in the geology, spelunking and travel like in caves are not only experienced spelunkers, but also the ones of Williams Wilderness are an exception. They run weekend cave spelunking and will even tell you why you might like to take one. Caves are the only places you can wait for look entirely the same today as they did one million years ago.
Williams Wilderness
P.O. Box 585
Blaineville, Georgia 30312
Next expedition: December 11-12
\$50 (includes food, lodging, equipment)

WINTER CAMPING AND HIKING

The Appalachian and Adirondack Mountain Clubs jointly sponsor a day winter sports beginning the day after Christmas, as late as late, use your backpacking skills into a year-round hobby. There's a camp program in the Adirondacks during which you learn to wait in subfreezing temperatures and a hiking program in the White Mountains of New Hampshire where a daily regimen of hikes above the timberline provides the opportunity to experience some of the worst weather in American—winds up to one hundred mph, ice, snow, and rain, with thousands of calories a day—two and a half times the normal amount. Survive to New Year's Day and you can take off your snowshoes and spare some ADK/AMC Winter Mountaineering School.

Appalachian Mountain Club
3 Jay Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02108
December 26, January 1
Registration deadline: November 23
Camping: \$20, hiking: \$20

Orla Black is the author of two craft books she wouldn't be caught dead on the Charlotte River.



Richard Nixon Goes to a Party

by Benjamin Stein

It's July 5, 1976, and Julie is celebrating her twenty-eighth birthday

Richard Nixon rarely goes out. Since August 9, 1974—except for a trip to China—he has not left Southern California. He works on his memoirs, telephone long-distance, and receives the visits of the nighty, who usually do not advertise the fact.

This past summer, Julie and David Eisenhower spent most of their time working on looks at San Clemente. Consequently, they were in California on Julie's birthday, July 5. Two longtime friends of the Nixons, a Los Angeles businessman and his wife, arranged a small dinner party in her honor.

Julie Nixon Eisenhower's birthday was two days before her mother's stroke. The celebration took place at a lovely home in Palis Verdes. There were nine people present: the host and hostess, their son and daughter, President and Mrs. Nixon, Julie and David, and I.

Presided, Nixon entered the house shortly after 1 arrived. Seeing him, two years after he left office, was remarkable. His stride was strong, his face red, but

he looked as if he shouldn't be there at all. He looked as if he should exist only in pictures and in Nixon masks. No matter how many times I see him, I always have the suspicion that there is no real Nixon and that the person in front of me is a Nixon impersonator. He is in his mid-sixties, of course, and has been through the wringer. The hearing he has taken is all right there in his eyes.

Mrs. Nixon came in right behind him, looking as fit as a movie star who had not worked for years but who spent the time taking care of herself.

The host offered to make Nixon a Scotch and soda. "No, thanks," Nixon said. "You always make these too strong. You've got to have a finger for yourself Scotch."

Nixon went behind the bar and poured himself a

Benjamin Stein, a former speech writer in the Nixon Administration, is the author of *Myself*, which Simon and Schuster will publish in the spring.

rather light Chivas Regal and soda water. The hostess made a drink for Mrs. Nixon, who said to me with a smile, "Julie's been telling us so much about you that it's," she paused for the right word, "it's amazing." She laughed lightly.

Julie and David walked into the room a mother-

"Amin? He's just a goddamn cannibal. He'd eat his own mother. Christ, he'd eat his own grandmother."

lyer. Ordinarily, Julie walks and talks fast. Today she was clutching her stomach. That morning she had eaten some fresh fruit from the garden at San Clemente and had gotten an upset stomach. She took some medicine and went to bed.

Nixon sat in a large easy chair, looking out over Los Angeles. He asked me how I thought the Bicentennial celebrities had gone, the extensive television coverage and so forth. He especially wanted to know how I thought President Ford had handled it.

It was uncommittal, which showed Nixon his own answer.

"Ford missed a good chance," he said, "a really good chance. How many speeches did he give? Seven? Ten?" He looked over at David and me. Neither of us said anything. "However many it was, it was too many. He just flew all over giving speeches and putting wreaths on things."

Nixon glanced around the room. "Now, does anyone remember anything that Ford said in any of those speeches?"

David and I mumbled something. Nixon waved his hand.

"No, do you remember anything historic? That's the question."

A look of triumph passed over his face. "That's exactly the thing. He had a chance to make a speech that everyone in the country would watch and remember. He should have said, a week before July fourth, 'Look, I'm going up to Camp David to work on this speech.' He didn't actually have to work on it. He could go swimming or do anything. But now he would have thought he was working on it. Then he could have given it and he could have looked up the nomination right then and there."

Nixon paused, looked around the room and asked, "Am I wrong?"

David and I said he was right, so he went on. "Then why didn't Ford do it? Didn't he have anyone telling him he should do it?"

There was no answer from anyone in the room. Jerry's a smart fellow, but even smart fellows need to get good advice. Why didn't someone suggest that to him?"

Again no reply.

Conversation turned to the Democratic convention. Nixon asked who I thought the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate would be. He probably expected

the "I don't know" that he got.

"It has to be Mondale. It has to be," Nixon talked off the reasons. "He's a Jew! He's from the Midwest. He looks good as the take."

And then a Nixon aside: "The take," he said, "That's what it's all about. How can come across on the take. Or is that wrong?" No one said that it was wrong. "I know that and you know that," he said, "but a lot of people don't know it yet."

Someone said that John Glenn looked awfully good on camera.

"Well, some people think Glenn isn't very smart. I'm not saying I think that. I'm not saying that at all. But some people think that. On the other hand, Glenn would be awfully good on defense, and that's important. You know how fast the Russians would be in there if we started cutting back our defense? You know how fast they'd be all over the place?"

Everyone agreed. Then Nixon asked, "What about Muskie?"

I said he sounded all right to me. Nixon shook his head.

"No, no," he said, smiling. "He's too old."

There was a moment of silence, as if in honor of those who were too old. Nixon turned the conversation to the Republican side. How, he wanted to know, could Reagan have gotten so close to getting the nomination when Ford had all the advantages of the office and a good economy?

David Eisenhower and I offered various explanations—poor White House staff, disappointing speeches, dissatisfaction with Kissinger. Nixon said nothing. When someone claimed that Ford showed no sense of vision about America, Nixon snipped at us in his seat.

"You think Ford has a vision of America?" he asked. "Do you think Reagan has a vision of America?" There were some affirmative answers. Nixon looked satisfied and said nothing more for a few minutes.

The hostess invited us out to the flagstone patio. Nixon sat, slumped in his chair, holding his drink, which was by now mostly water. Occasionally he ate a cracker with cheese on it. Without looking up, he asked me how I'd spent the Fourth of July. I told him that I

"Did any of you ever talk to L.B.J.? God, you should have. People said that my language was bad, but Jesus, you should have heard L.B.J.!"

spent a lot of it listening to radio reports of the Israeli raid on Uganda. It was a better July fourth in Israel than here, I said.

"You think so?" Nixon asked. "Have the Israelis got something we don't have?" Do they? Without lifting his head, he continued, "The Israelis still have guts. If we had the guts the Israelis have, we'd be in good

shape." A moment of silence. "Or am I wrong?"

None of us said that Nixon was wrong.

A little later, however, I mentioned that Aulin was strange—to put it mildly.

Nixon stirred slightly. He lifted his head off his chest and looked around at the group as if he had just

"I asked Henry about Brzezinski last week. He said, 'Brzezinski knows a lot, yes, and his opinions are sound, but Mr. President, he is an o-por-too-nist.'"

awakened. "Aren't?" he said loudly. "Aren't? He's just a polkadot central! A polkadot central! (Aulin groans.) He's not his own mother. Christ, he'd eat his own grand-nigger!"

Nixon looked around to see if there were any reactions. There were none.

Nixon added his views on black African leaders. "Yes," he said. "Give them the edge because they're black. Always. They deserve it for the way they've been treated. Absolutely. But for Christ's sake, when they start acting like god-awful stars, you don't coddle them and tell them they're doing great. That's what those jackasses at the State Dept. want to do. That that's just more twaddle."

"Or am I wrong?" No response. "You've got to find them like adults. You can't just say, 'Oh, look! It's all the blacks like Aulin because they're black!' Another pun. 'What do you think?'"

"That's right, but what can you do about it?" David Eisenhower answered.

Nixon was silent for a moment, then said, "You can do what Israel did!"

I mentioned that U.N. Secretary General Waldheim had said that Israel's act had violated international law. Nixon perked up. "Waldheim said that?"

"Yes," I said, looking at the radio.

"Waldheim said that?" Nixon asked again.

"Yes. Why do you suppose he did?"

Nixon looked around as if to give us time to answer. Then he said, "Why did he do it? I'll tell you why he did it. He did it because the whole U.N.'s a bunch of goddamn jackasses. That's why he did it."

Over the next two hours, Nixon described many of the priests and neo-priests in terms made famous by the White House transcripts. He never spoke in anger, but always with a kind of glee, as if he had suddenly discovered that he was allowed to say dirty words and no one would punish him for it.

But Nixon did not seem angry at anyone. In fact he gave every appearance of being relaxed and comfortable. I suspected that he was talking into a type held gravely always wanted to be. A Southern California square. It's difficult to describe, but it's a man who has made a lot of money in real estate, then spends most

of his time golfing in a world without many days.

After talk of the United Nations, the conversation shifted back to politics at home. Nixon asked if anyone knew about Carter's stand on defense. No one did. "He was in the Navy," Nixon said. "He might be good on that. That's important."

The conversation was desultory for several minutes, with Nixon wandering why Humphries, who had not asked him the memorandum offered to him on a silver platter (as Nixon says it), had turned it down.

"He said he didn't want to look like a fool," I said.

"That's a good reason," Nixon said.

By now Aulin had recovered, and we went in to dinner. There was a bottle of French and wine in front of Nixon and he examined it closely. Then he asked the host where the bottle had gotten a certain kind of cheese. "It's better than anything I had in France or Italy," he said. "We've got to get some." Then he took a sip of wine and tasted it with an intense care. He held the host's eye for a moment.

Nixon came the high point of the evening—at least for me. After the talking at the table, Nixon said that it was, after all, Julie's birthday, and that he wanted to make a toast.

"I remember the day Julie was born," he said, beginning a long story. "It was the hottest day of the year. I had just come back from the Republican convention in Philadelphia and Earl Warren had gotten the Vice-Presidential spot. I rode down in an elevator with Charlie Hallack and he grabbed my arm and said [and here Nixon tried to make his face look like Hallack's and to imitate Hallack's Midwestern drawl], 'Look, how could Tom [Dewey] do that?' He promised it to me! And I just said to him, 'Well, Charlie, people promise a lot of things. I've got back to Washington, and it was hot as hell. There was no air conditioning then. So I went home, and they said that Pat was in the hospital already. She was over there at Columbia Hospital and, you know, of course, most of the doctors there were Communists or neo-Communists or worse, but we had gotten Pat a good Republican doctor."

"So I went into the hospital room, and Pat was asleep and the doctor came out and he was wiping off the sweat and I asked, 'Well, is it a boy or a girl?' and the doctor said, 'Look, you've got a great, big beautiful baby girl.' And I went in to see her and there she was. 20 pounds big, beautiful baby girl. He passed out, looked, then winked at Julie. And she's still my great big beautiful baby girl!"

After dinner, we all sat in the living room while Julie opened several small presents. Again, the talk turned to the Republican nomination. And again, there was the episode of why Reagan had managed to do as well as he had.

Someone said it was surprising that Goldwater was not supported in Reagan, in view of their philosophical similarities.

Nixon asked if we knew why Goldwater was doing what he was doing. None of us knew, and Nixon himself did not know, except to venture the guess that Goldwater had certain things in common with other people who had been dismissed that evening, particularly Bill Aikin. Nixon said it with a mixture of astonishment and glee. He asked, in pure amusement, that

Goldwater never really wanted to be President. "He never really campaigned for it like it meant anything to him."

This led naturally to the man who had defeated Goldwater, Lyndon Johnson. Every time Nixon mentioned Johnson, he shook his head, as if to say, "Now, there was an extraordinary creature, a piece of work."

"People used to think that I was on bad terms with LBJ. Not at all. He came to see me right after I was inaugurated to see if I could do something to stop the publication of his brother's book. What could I do? I couldn't do anything. Now people say that Ed isn't a good brother. Not true. Ed is a fine brother. But, Christ, you should have heard what LBJ said to me about his brother. They kept the poor guy locked up on the third floor of the White House."

He shook his head again. "Did any of you ever talk to LBJ?" he asked. "God, you should have. People said that my language was bad, but Jesus, you should have heard LBJ."

There was a hell. The host and David Eisenhower continued a conversation about baseball, which Nixon occasionally joined. He was well-informed on the subject, though no one is as well-informed as David Eisenhower on sports questions.

The conversation returned to politics. Nixon wanted to know why the editorial board of *The Wall Street Journal*, my former colleagues, supported Ford over Reagan. I told him that *The Journal* did not really support anyone but did have a certain amount of admiration for Ford, largely for his economic policies.

Nixon asked me why I supported Ford. It was an odd question, since I had never said that I did. I told Nixon that and explained that in many ways I liked Reagan better. He asked why. Was it the question of union wages?

I said that I guessed it was, and he asked me what I thought Reagan's vision was. This set me back. Julie leaped into the breach again. "I think it's a lot like yours, Daddy." (Julie is ordinarily a talkative woman. The dearth of comments by her in this account is testimony only to her severe stenographic.)

"Why don't more people support Reagan? More people like you? Young people?" Nixon asked, looking at Julie, David and me.

None of us could think of a concise way of explaining that a combination of events made it impossible for "young people" to support Reagan in any great way. But Nixon did not linger on the subject.

Reagan is great on the tube," he said. "He could probably get more young people if he got on the tube."

The subject turned to Carter. Nixon wanted to know about Carter's foreign-policy advisers. Who were they? People mentioned George Ball and Harriman (a mistake at that point—Harriman was not openly advising Carter) and Zbigniew Brzezinski. I told the group that Brzezinski had been my professor in college.

"What's he like? Is he a good man?" Nixon asked.

I said that I thought he was smart and well-informed, although I don't remember vividly his telling me, in 1964, that the Hanoi government was extremely unpopular with the North Vietnamese and probably could not even hold on in the north let alone beat the South Vietnamese.

"I asked Henry about Brzezinski last week," Nixon said, as a smile crossed his face. He continued, in a heavy German accent: "Brzezinski knows a lot, yes, and his opinions are sound, but Mr. President, he is an o-por-too-nist." Nixon looked down at the floor and shook his head.

Someone is the town idiot. "Kissinger called someone else an opportunist?"

Nixon smiled and shook his head again. "Mr. President, he is an o-por-too-nist." That time the accent was thicker. There were several chuckles around the room.

The talk shifted to Southern California politics. The former President had agreed to make a speech on behalf of a local Republican congressional candidate. It was an unusual district in that it had a large number of black voters, mostly poor, and a large number of white voters, largely Jewish and affluent.

I said I did not think that the Republican candidate, a black, had much of a chance. I didn't see how other groups would be particularly interested in him. The host asked me why more Jews did not vote Republican.

"That's right, Ben," Nixon interjected. "Why didn't the Jews like me?"

I began to answer in terms of Jews being traditionally liberal and Democratic. Nixon countered, "Well, what about your father?" (My father had been chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors under President Nixon.)

I started to explain that there was a group of extremely conservative economists, of which my father was one, though Nixon certainly already knew that. Again Nixon cut me off.

"Christ, if it weren't for me there wouldn't be any Israel. They know that in Israel Golda Meir knows that, even though they may not know it over here. Or am I wrong?"

I told him I agreed completely and knew that he was still extremely popular in Israel. Nixon looked happy to hear it. I told him how I had spoken to a group of Israeli high-school children visiting the White House.

"Christ, if it weren't for me there wouldn't be any Israel. They know that in Israel. Golda Meir knows that, even though they may not know it over here. Oram I wrong?"

the day after Nixon resigned. They appeared shaken. Nixon nodded.

A short time later, Nixon delivered a tiny speech of his brother-in-law. He said it was time for him and Mrs. Nixon to go home. We all rose, and Nixon took David Eisenhower aside to discuss something known only to them. Then Nixon took. (Continued on page 22.)

Personally, I love bacon. For thirty years I ate it at least every other day for breakfast. I also loved and abused the drippings for things like french fries. I have since discovered that all along I was poisoning myself, in the most efficient dietary way possible, with some of the deadliest carcinogens known to science.

What I worry about is a large family of chemicals called nitrosamines. Unfortunately, a number of them are directly related to sodium nitrite, the chemical now used to cure two-thirds of America's pork and present in virtually all processed-meat products. According to Dr. Willem Lipsky, a researcher at the Frederick Cancer Research Center, "nitrosamines are among the most potent carcinogens we know and certainly the most widely acting group of carcinogens. They seem to be most effective in eliciting tumors when they are applied in small doses over a long period, rather than as large single doses." For years, apparently, that's just the way we've been eating them.

In 1973, the U.S. Department of Agriculture discovered nitrosamines in samples of retail hot dogs at levels up to 80 parts per billion (ppb). Further sampling studies by the Food and Drug Administration in 1972 also found nitrosamines in dried beef (partly) and cured pork (ham and lunch meat) at levels up to 44 ppb, in processed fish (tuna) up to 26 ppb, and, incredibly, up to 168 ppb in pan-fried bacon and 207 ppb in bacon drippings. I got the sordid belly blues when I learned the scientific consensus today: nitrosamines at levels higher than 20 ppb are a cancer hazard for humans.

With bacon levels up to ten or twenty times this amount, small wonder that Dr. Michael Jacobson of the Center for Science in the Public Interest has called bacon "the worst offender" in the nitrosamine sweepstakes and "probably the most dangerous food in the supermarket." The most disturbing thing about bacon is that nitrosamines have shown up in every single sample of fried bacon tested over the past five years by either government or industry. Although real progress has been made in controlling nitrosamines in other cured meats, the nitrosamine content of fried bacon persists today at levels above the suspected carcinogenic threshold.

To appreciate what these threshold figures mean, consider the words of Dr. H. Preussmann of the Institute for Toxicology and Chemotherapy in West Germany. Reporting to the International Symposium on Nitrite in Meat Products, in 1975, Preussmann stated that nitrosamine levels under 30 ppb might be considered a "tolerable" dose. "It must be stressed, however, that such calculations are rather unsatisfactory and can by no means lead to safe levels of nitrosamines and nitrosamides."

Furthermore, Dr. Preussmann added, even "sub-threshold doses" give rise to tumors in combination with other carcinogens: "This synergistic, additive effect of different groups of chemicals with the same organospecific carcinogenic effect clearly is similar to the human situation, where a population almost certainly is never exposed to only one single carcinogen but to

Sowbelly Blues

THE LINKS BETWEEN
BACON AND CANCER

BY HUGH GARDNER

Hugh Gardner is a free-lance writer who lives in Denver.



minute quantities of many different carcinogenic compounds."

You've heard some of this, but perhaps like me you've resisted believing more. When I finally got the picture last year, I felt like a fool for resisting so long; our only real protection against modern horrors like these comes from paying attention and educating ourselves. In any case, I reluctantly stopped eating bacon and all other nitrite meat products soon afterward. I also began compiling information on what I had been doing to myself all those years with the silent help of the meat companies.

Basically, the problem traces to the nitrate and nitrite salts used in curing meats, most specifically to sodium nitrite. Check your supermarket and you will find sodium nitrite in every commonly available brand of bacon, hot dogs, ham, dried meat, lunch meat, and canned meat on the shelves, plus all sausages except certain brands of the breakfast type. In modern meat-packing, "cured meats" and "nitrite" have become virtually synonymous.

Historically, sodium nitrite has been used by the meat-packers throughout the histories of most American new living. The packers say that it has been used in pickling cures for centuries, which is technically true, but it's important to keep in mind the difference between sodium nitrate, a natural addendum of salt also known as saltpeter, and sodium nitrite, a refined derivative that has been used more recently. Not until 1936 did the industry as a whole shift to deliberately added nitrite to speed up the curing process. Faster processing meant bigger profits, and anything that speeded up the older time-consuming methods of curing was a welcome addition to food technology.

Today, the meat industry gives three reasons why sodium nitrite is used: first, as a preservative to prevent bacterial growth, as a color fixer to keep the meat pink; and third, for that cured taste. More on this reasoning later. For now, we might consider what consumer advocates call the real reason why the nitrite is there: that its preservation action is an unnecessary chemical cover-up for unsanitary processing, that its main purpose is a fraudulent cosmetic factor we could well do without, and that government regulators are more sensitive to meat-industry p.r. than to the evidence of a threat to public safety. We might also note that in the 1930's nothing whatever was known about sodium nitrite's anti-bacterial quality—its only function then was to provide quick pink coloring.

It was also in the 1930's that the F.D.A. and the U.S.D.A. began compiling their Generally Recognized As Safe (G.R.A.S.) list of food additives, since discovered to contain many toxins and carcinogens. But at the time, sodium nitrite was considered to have a "long history of common use" and was approved as a legitimate additive posing no problems. Nitrite levels for cured meats were set at 200 parts per million (ppm), not because of safety factors (no testing was done), but simply because this was the usual residue found in cured meats in 1925. The legal limits set then for nitrites and nitrites in food remain unchanged today.

When the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act was amended in 1958, the use of these chemicals was endorsed once again as G.R.A.S. but only for the purpose

of color fixing. It was only in the 1960's that the F.D.A. began approving new anti-bacterial uses of nitrite, and it was only after the consumer challenge to color-fixing uses in this decade that the meat industry began changing the main reason for nitrite use was to prevent bacterial.

The troublesome nitrosamines grow as follows: They were first found to be carcinogenic in 1956, but they were not then known to be in the diet. The first evidence that nitrites could cause nitrosamines in the stomach came in 1963, setting off the modern era of nitrite-related cancer research. Results coming in since have proved that eighty percent of the one hundred-odd nitrosamines listed are very powerful cancer-causing agents, that nitrosation (the combination of nitrite and food amines to form nitrosamines) definitely occurs in the stomachs of lab animals, and that animals fed levels of nitrite and amines approximating the American diet inevitably develop tumors at early ages. It was also discovered that over the years the incidence of stomach cancer in Americans has been directly related to consumption levels of cured meats, and that nitrosamines are extremely potent in causing cancers outside the stomach as well.

In 1971, a new round of research was set off by the U.S.D.A.'s discovery that nitrosamines could not only be caused by cured meats but actually could be found in them as well. Since then the meat-packers have come under intense criticism and have even been challenged by lawsuits to change their ways. Under pressure, they are making progress; we'll get to the details later, and you can make up your own mind whether or not they're moving fast enough.

Since the nitrosamine problem has only recently been identified, the meat industry's culpability has to be considered fairly recent, too. But there have long been well-understood problems with nitrites and nitrosamines, which the F.D.A. labeled at least as early as 1948 as "poisonous and deleterious substances not required in the manufacture of any food subject to the jurisdiction of the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act." The danger of nitrite poisoning is greatest with children, especially infants, and there have been many cases of methemoglobinemia over the years caused by overly nitrited Bologna and hot dogs. Adults often initially recover, but in cases where they already have problems with the oxygen-carrying capacity of their blood, they, too, can die, and literally dozens have. As A.J. Lehman of the F.D.A. wrote, following the hot-dog poisoning of several children a few years ago, "only a small margin of safety exists between the amount of nitrite that is safe and that which may be dangerous."

The danger of nitrites and nitrosamines alone, not counting the nitrosamine question, has led the U.S.D.A. to propose banning these substances entirely in baby food. Typically, this proposal comes only after industry itself has largely made the change voluntarily. In the wake of a consumer lawsuit, Gerber and Beech-Nut stopped using these chemicals in their infant foods three years ago, although Gerber's "loddler meals" (for children over six years old) still use the stuff today. The U.S.D.A. is just now proposing a ban in baby foods; ironically, the F.D.A. proposed that nitrite be banned from pet foods four years ago.

(Continued on page 120)



Wear whatever makes you feel dressy—that's the new evening wear. People are truly dressing for themselves these days, not for the occasion. Of course it's impossible that many of us could dress for day every day, so such structures apply. Dressing for evening is the perfect way to indulge yourself, to live out your darkest fantasies: to put together four outfits that represent the person you imagine yourself to be. Wear a handful of fast suits your sense of style. Or answer yourself in silk velvet costumes. For Les Homagals, a media planner with an advertising agency, dressy means a silk overskirt with beaded collar from Private Label by Pinky & Doree Ltd. \$115. It's great over Alter & Son handkerchiefs, or jeans, or just about anything you'd think of wearing at night. Paul Jan Halburant wears the wonder in gray satin, highlighted by a wrap-collar shirt and bow tie and a trim Pele by Ralph Lauren.

Wait Until Dark



The perfect coat for evening: a double-breasted cotton-chenille trench coat. Cut with full raglan sleeves, it fits easily and handsomely over Les Homaguchi's tuxedo, as it will over everything on these pages. And so now late and you can't wear this coat during the day. By Diatoms of Italy, \$352.

Photographed by Frank Horvat



The traditional black tie is no longer dangerous, but do you know that the new trend in tested suits is toward somewhat over-the-top? Paul Smith's three-piece suit combines a beautiful mix of shades and textures: a green velvet jacket, velvet vest and grey flannel pants by Diatoms of Italy, \$352.

For more on the new trend, see page 136.

A black and white photograph of three men in formal tuxedos. The man on the left is partially visible, wearing a dark tuxedo jacket over a white shirt and a dark bow tie. The man in the center is smiling, wearing a dark tuxedo jacket over a white shirt and a dark bow tie, with a white pocket square in his jacket. The man on the right is looking slightly to the side, wearing a dark tuxedo jacket over a white shirt and a dark bow tie, with a white pocket square in his jacket. The background is dark and out of focus.

Left: The tuxedo look done up with a sweater—that's the coziest way to dress at night. A V-neck sweater by Mark of the Lion (\$100) worn atop a white tuxedo shirt from Turnbull & Asser of London (\$50) and tuxedo jeans suggests a kind of sophistication, as though a man had removed his jacket and slipped into a sweater. Center: For that extraordinary man who truly loves clothes, we have Nordell's double-breasted tuxedo in darkest midnight blue with black satin lapels and buttons (\$180). A perfect cut, a superb fit. But is evening wear at its most elegant. On jazz musician Richard Bona, even more so! Right: No one does the classic black tuxedo better than Dreyer for After Six (\$325). Take our suggestion for a sleek new look and add a wing-collared shirt (\$42.50) and bow tie (\$12.50), both from Polo by Ralph Lauren. Pocket squares are by Nordell.



Opposite top: Casual it is, day or evening, if that's what makes you feel good. Richard Gere's hair just together is double-breasted velvet blazer (\$140), grey gabardine pants (\$70) and a creamy shirt (\$45). His unique watch for evening is the 18-gramental stripe (\$12). All by Jean-Paul Gaultier. Opposite below: A silk prepared smoking jacket (Private Label by Puffy & Diane Ltd., \$120) is not for the timid, to be sure, but let your intentions fly. Loose, sexy as hell, it's marvelous over a black cashmere T-shirt and tuxedo pants. The young woman in Halston's not-so-basic black cashmere jumpsuit is Jen Kwan. Her striking silver jewelry is by Elsa Peretti. Above: Giorgio Armani's Kiyoko Kwan, who is black, indulges in the luxury of two cashmere sweaters. The cardigan (\$120), slightly blouson, completely comfortable, is buttoned over a short-sleeve T-shirt (\$10). Both from Balmain. The women are from Old Calvin for Bonnet (\$12.50). As Aldo Capella's pin is on his our dog's White by Capella and Judith Lowe Tuxedo.

Hair by Edward for Men
Makeup by Sandra for Men

West Point Counterpoint

(Continued from page 70) study-free, presumably the brightest, most motivated, and most successful students in the course, were members of the advanced sections and did not take the exam. Answers were handed in on March 17 and 18. The operative instruction on the cover page of the examination was unambiguously explicit: "Given assurance of this problem, there will be no discussion of the problem with anyone except Department of Kinesthetic Encouraging Instructors."

Before heading it in, Cadet Paul Nardi of Section 1A wrote on the cover page of his examination "To whom it may concern: I have received help in completing this special problem from my roommate, 1st Cadet Paul Nardi, 77." The grading professor, Lieutenant Colonel Leonard L. Franks, made a mental note to call in Nardi and continued grading. Soon he noticed a disturbing similarity in certain answers, both abhorably wrong, as Nardi and Cadet Garrett Etzner's came. Franks called in Keene, showed him the two papers, and asked him if some-

Mr. Keane, who, we must imagine, was a terrified young man (the penalty for cheating, when proved, being expulsion from West Point and lifelong obloquy), went to Nord and asked him if he had copied from his (Keane's) paper. Nord said, "I might have, thinking it was my roommate's." Nord's roommate was Cadet Gerard M. Ousley. Now Keane returned to Colonel Frazar and repeated Nord's surmise. Frazar checked Ousley's paper and found what he had already begun to suspect: more identical answers.

By March 22, three days before the signs of cadets left the reservations on spring leave, Colonel Edmund C. Caffery, electrical engineering at West Point, had learned not only of the influence but of "disturbing standards" in other branches of the Army.

He acted in the direction of the EE 304 course, Captain Billy W. Francis, and asked for a complete roster of maintenance personnel in the EE 304 course. He got twenty-three names. The aces, holders of drums to evidence of widespread cadetism. Perhaps most dramatic, most notorious, was the name of a cadet who evaded many groups of cadets—guards, three, three—the groups usually involving roommates or members of the same company. The name was not a cadet's; it was a sergeant's. The sergeant's competence at the Academy, all but two bad rumors who appeared to be exaggerated. By July 22, all but two were

Such evidence is not particularly difficult to establish, provided the sources are wary. As a professor at the State University of New York at Stony Brook put it, "It is very difficult to detect cheating on analyses and mathematics examinations. There are usually only two or three earnest ways of solving a problem and in many cases only one. Hence the probability of two in-

dependently verified solutions of a problem being identical is high. The chances of the detection of cheating on incorrect answers are greater since the number of incorrect solutions is much larger, hence, the probability of two identical incorrect solutions is much smaller....¹⁰

The investigation continued, and on April 4, the day the corps of cadets returned from leave, 137 papers were sent to the credit union committee for further investigation. By April 7, news of the scandal, already guardedly referred to as the worst since the famous "robbery incident" of 1955, was in *The New York Times*.

[illegible]

It is the *Arzt*, Alexander, however, who is the most important character in that sense, or even if, we are all going to get our asses shot off in the morning's battle, he makes no mention in combat of his own life, but only of the enemy, and of (having the reiterated complaints of soldiers that "bater" is used at West Point mainly as a means of enforcing discipline, and that the "bater" is a military honor are noted precisely in the necessity for regulation and control in battle. A soldier can give a false report to his commander only at the risk of his own life, and his own ammunition from his belt follows, he threatens to denounce them and mutilate their disfigure, if he cheats in the battle, and he is not allowed to lie to strengthen his own reputation, he superadds his force in subsequent combat, the planning for which is now based on defensive intelligence about the enemy's position, and the enemy's

Indeed, the function of honor in the American military is precisely regulatory. Years ago, in that craggy and reliable school of arms in the Shenandoah, the Virginia Military Institute is military academy early as taught in West Point, with the same honor code and without an honor awarded in its long history, honor was used as a

regulatory agency is largely successful effect. If a "brother" has been shown drunk in a barroom, he was shown so in a V.M. But he could be reinstated if all he did was "pledge" that he would not drink alcohol until the end of the "weekend." A real "weekend driver's dream!" No drunken cousin driving their (disput) can ruin lives on the Skyline Drive, causing hell in barrooms, vomiting in public. The instant the pledge was broken, both the cop and the man he had pledged for were dismissed. It is an extreme example and but, I gather, been about

[illegible]

The hour ends and the committee that enforces it was formally established in 1922. Douglas MacArthur (1826-1922) almost certainly was the "father of the Academy," and his "word was his bond," as a formal mechanism of enforcement was established in West Point for a hundred years. "The Academy," he wrote, "is the 'Goon Line' to which I am sworn. I cannot lie." In 1921, several cadets learned that two pliers had been found in Communist headquarters in the city of New York. After the pliers' dismissal, Congress would probably reimburse them, took them off post, gave them fifty dollars, and sent them home. But they refused, because a brass pliers. Congress found out, reinstated the cadets, and censured the commandant and his superior, Major Thomas G. Fisher, the next morning.

As superintendent, perhaps the best in West Point's history, MacArthur was a mixture of what Howard K. Smith recently called Ronald Reagan, "a stout moderate," and a systemizer. His short superintendency was preposterous, collimated for its time, even, to preserve an liberal. His modest was its efficiency. It is difficult to remember Douglas MacArthur this way, not as it is extreme harder to comprehend.

m

A man's style touches everything he has—even something as simple as a belt. A belt gets a lot of use—for me, a properly sized belt fits a whole classic business, which doesn't stay one day after day.



A black and white photograph of a man from the chest up. He is wearing a dark pinstriped suit jacket over a matching vest and a light-colored shirt with a red tie. He has a mustache and is looking slightly to the right. The background is dark and out of focus.

"Style:
thoughts."

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Imported Irish Mist.

Rediscover it.

that the superbly kind Kismet was the man who, only six years ago, saw nothing in long deliberations and lawsuits that was dangerous to order and discipline in the Navy.

MacArthur's maligned violence commission and creation, with the assistance of the first class (senior), a permanent and vigorous cadre began composition changed with the steady application of the evolving honor code and system. Its procedures were made rigid, and though it could only recommend punishment for breaches of the code, it became, as military historian D. Clayton James described it, something of a "model for other educational institutions: it shaped each cadet to forewarn acts of disobedience, such as cheating and lying, and to report to the immediate key levels of the code which he had committed or witnessed." Douglas MacArthur, therefore, assessed the code's failure non-violence commission, however, it was not to receive formal popularity recognition until 1970.

Honor awards at West Point there have been, and there will be more. The structure of a formalized public is coaxed by the institution of journalists who receive the Academy at the first hour of trouble. It remains the most ironic of compliments to West Point that this should be so, another of the strange, almost pathological symptoms of the national fascination with the military establishment. Later Arrivals for a day-evening cocktail party at post apartment in the West 90's little sixty powder layers, doctors, businessmen, publishers, poets, their husbands and even female legislators general in civilian clothes and taken to the quarters and comments and compliments laid on him. Watch the way the guests turn him "Geezus" means the most surprising of things in the American polity, about the closest thing we have to "margaret" or "art." It is strange. While the majority of an either defeat, or affect to defeat, what we imagine he does, we not admire, or hope we can achieve, what he is. It is as he has too much and perfect has been or smashes her famous talks, why the guests will go business talking about it for a month but how charmingly disorganized that David Fawcett, the sculptor, has mounted out your window!

But it is not that simple, and West Point is neither public nor public. There is more paradox. No institution is so hostile of the achievements of its graduates, and the West Point Preparatory Company reads that of the United States Marines, and so the size of its graduates must be read upon Academy only. You know about "Berserker" Kismet General Austin, who left West Point in disgrace for his role in My Lai, blaming his civilian parents and Secretary Hirsch and the end of the great (the mother of fact, Hirsch should be given the Academy's highest prize, the Annual Thayer Award, one of five prizes, since it was he, not the West Point-dominated source

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IRISH MIST THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN

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officer corps in Vietnam, who wrote of the brutal slaughter at My Lai and the grisly, dismembered remnants of the officer corps to serve it as well.

If you live, or claim to live, by military honor, you must also suffer by it. Friends there have been at West Point. The 180 men, the cheating ring (in phrases) of 1964, which led to the capture of third-classmen, another cheating scandal, in the same subject, in 1975. More recently the situation of Lucas Truett IV, a graduate of the class of 1969, have appeared, discharging two other. One undiscovered cheating rings in 1967 and 1968, each involving more than two hundred cadets. Further full-blown scandals aside for the moment, during the past five years there has been an average of two hundred allegations made each year of infractions of the code, about eighty of which have gone to "trial," of which more later, and between twenty and

seventy cadets have annually been "reprimanded" for offenses against the code, usually lying and/or cheating. The most famous of the recent breaches involved David James Wilson, '73, who was found guilty by the cadet honor committee, only to be reinstated "as a technicality" by the then superintendent, Lieutenant General William Kinsman. Pellet, as a well-known, was thereafter "disenrolled" for nineteen months, until his graduation and commissioning. The barbaric fons of attrition, like the pledge at V.M.I., is no longer used.

The cadet honor committee at West Point has eighty-eight members, all seniors and juniors. It is directly charged with the supervision and administration of the honor code. Its chairman, whose office rivals in prestige that of the cadet first captain, is assisted by two vice-chairmen, the first captain himself (an officer), four investigating officer cadets—one for each

of the four cadet regiments—and elected representatives from each of the thirty-two cadet companies.

Ray Jones was observed standing a pair of Gueco from another cadet's room, here is what happens. The observer, bound-bound to report the offense, goes to his company's honor representative and files it. The company honor representative conducts a preliminary examination of the charges, notifies his cadet representative investigating officer, further statements. A subcommittee, composed of three members (all elected honor reps of the student's regiments), is assigned. If it finds the evidence sufficient, the subcommittee recommends to the president of the cadet honor committee that a trial be held, that an honor board be appointed. Such boards have thirteen members, but their chairman has no vote. The accused is allowed to be present for all discussion and interpretation of witnesses, but he leaves the room during deliberations. A vote is taken. One vote is sufficient to acquit. If, nonetheless, the accused is found guilty, he is removed to the transient barracks, Barracks Ward, while the second-ranking officer at the Academy, the superintendent of cadets, reviews the findings. He may dismiss the charges outright. If he doesn't, Jones is given the option of resigning or facing an officers' board review his case. Cadets have historically opted for the latter. What, really, have they to lose? Jones is also pleaded legal counsel, either from among the twenty-two members of the Academy's department of law, or, if he can afford it, he may hire a civilian attorney. The board of officers, covered by authority of an Army regulation, recommends the case. It issues its determination to the superintendent. If the officers board upholds the findings of the honor board, the superintendent will almost always endorse the cadet honor board's recommendation. He needs it to the Secretary of the Army for final action. Soldiers must now be sought in the civilian courts, but the deliberations of these courts is recent but scarce precedents that support to conduct who deem feasible, to go outside the system. Civilian judges have insisted that the honor code and system are fundamentally administrative in nature and are therefore outside their purview.

On April 5, groups of cadets who appeared to have cheated on the TEE 384 exam were interrogated by subcommittee of the cadet honor committee. One cadet and the hall with it and resigned, seven cadets were let off for lack of conclusive evidence of cheating; one hundred one were brought before cadet honor boards. By April 21, another had resigned, forty-nine had been acquitted, and the boards had "found" (i.e., reached preliminary verdicts of guilty) fifty. The commandant, Brigadier General Walter P. Uman, and General Berry referred the fifty to its new hearings before boards of officers. Two more resigned. Two left forty-eight, and nineteen remaining of the examinations of lands, of further allegations that bi-

A 1980 AP Photo by Ted Koppel



When your taste grows up, so should your cigarette.

What you want from a cigarette changes. Once I smoked just to be like everybody else. Now I know what smoking's all about. I smoke for taste. And Winston's real taste is what I want. Winston is for real.

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"You have brought sunshine to my life, and now I must say good-bye."



early hairbrush wars might be implicated, have trouble the number lineally converted to twenty-five. (In late August, the Academy established a phone number—814-634-5987—equipped with a payphone.) The Academy's efforts to locate the couple with data on the number of radars cleared, dismissed, etc. Indeed, on April 24, one cadet, Timothy Ringold, 73, of Phoenix, told the victims Under Secretary of the Army, Norman Schwarzkopf, Jr., "I don't know if you have been at a cadette camp, but cheating was rampant at West Point and that perhaps a third of us class cheated and the other two thirds tolerated it. Finally, a cadet broke board rules by suggesting banquets with tobacco and alcohol."

What now begins to happen was what sometimes happens when state troopers stop speeders. Marinazzo is stuffed in the car, the driver is found not to have a license, and a half-empty bottle of J&B is found under the shotgun seat, which is occupied by a girl of apparently less than sixteen years wearing a ripped dress and trying to hide a nervous

Then came to light the pathetic and strange case of Cadet Steven Verr, a plebe "found no bones" in the fall of 1967, who was later found to have died from "heart." The eight-month retroactive phase of plebe year Disfranchisement, frustrated, and exhausted, Verr died in an apprehension, was buried in the cemetery, and was crying that his parents had been badly hurt in a car wreck. Later, General Berry recovered the doctors of the home hospital, and Verr was buried in the cemetery. Verr's tomb is in Berry's reversal arranged Cadet William Anderson, the honor committee chairman, and others. Verr was subjected to a process of harassment, and was found to have been a blooded cadet. There is no evidence that Anderson ordered any of the harassment, but it was vicious and sustained, and during the University of Illinois the fall.

About the same time, it was learned that General Ulmer had written a letter of apology to the editor in chief of the 1995 *Shapervert*, the yearbook of Georgia Tech, stating that he "personally regretted the improper use of the content of the 1993 *Shapervert*. It was totally inexcusable and completely inconsistent with the goals of the institution."

Shapiro, 1973. "A is for Art. 'Hay, look at the naked lady I don't know what is good. I just know what I like.' The average Tech man's knowledge of art barely extends beyond graphs in a math book, and a larger percentage of the students couldn't care less."

New Yorker, 1974 (the West Coast yearbook): "Wow, look at that naked lady. I don't know how what's good I just know what I like! The average reader's knowledge of art barely extends beyond graffiti in his own book, and a large percentage of students wouldn't care less."

The plagiarism by the West Point cadet only compounded the illory of the Tech man's statement.

And the first comprehensive article in *The New Times* about the scandal had to share a page with a piece headlined WEST POINT GARY INDUCTED IN RAPE-BOMBING CASE.

It is often to extend the binary 0 to a framed sort of axis and counter-axis. Further predilections of clipping and joining, frantic attempts (figures the metaphor) to keep the administrative and quasi-judicial systems from overloading with clippings of surveying, adds another that the referral of all pre "house incidents" directly to an internal review panel and boards of auditors and officers represented a breach of contrast, the shame code being the possession of the corps of auditors, of the administrative of West Point before, of subordinates supported and unrepresented, of Americans inquires and hearings. All after the fact.

Two questions remained. Why do we do this? Should the honor code be changed?

[illegible]

This last of argument condenses as follows: Faced with an inferred code of unsustainable human behavior, made cynical by the performance of the most infamous of his military predecessors (the emperor's uncle, the tyrant of Western Zhou), placed in a large, crowded, and stressful environment, and, in addition, separated, usually far from his home, from their families (Shu Gao's sons at the Academy), deprived of all pleasures, including sex, their dreams or dreams of glory either become, as illustrated, the young emperor's dream of a new dynasty, or, as the freewheeling Shu's two people do, they become a new family, a new family together at West Point (until the war, when the institution became an

ed) was to shoot. Besides, it's a good way of giving the system the finger, and you can get out of the Army after five years.

But the experience, demands persuasion, is a generalization impossible to support. The overwhelming majority of cadets do not lie, steal or cheat. Chastity doesn't feel good, it feels awful. Strong friendships are founded on respect among young people of the culture of West Point cadets, an intellectual and athletic culture that has achieved a record of excellence in character, conduct, reliability, and—yes, certainly—patriotism. It is more probable that cadets cheat and do lie and tolerate it because they're grabbing for grades, or because they're late and reckon they can get away with it. As the British like to put it, diametrically. They can't be both.

One of the authors of an exhaustive study of the honor code and system sponsored by General Berry in Gadsden, Alabama, wrote in 1967 that he "concluded that the 'U.S.M.A. honor code is a clear and simple statement of an attainable level of human behavior.'"

That statement was quoted approvingly by Captain Wesley C. Clark, US, probably the most brilliant young officer now in active duty in the Army. "The U.S.M.A. honor code," he wrote, "is a code with an important world-wide resonance, considerable judgment. But it remains the fundamental assumption of the American military system, and a deep respect for these absolute principles of honesty are prepared to make these judgments. In short, such a code is a code of honor, a code of honesty in order to apply them systematically in the real world." These absolute principles are enshrined in the motto of the U.S.M.A., "The Honor Above," the development of judgment in the application of honor runs throughout the entire U.S.M.A. curriculum and system at West Point. The study, following Gluck's lead, agreed: "The identical U.S.M.A. honor code deserves credit as a goal rather than an actuality."

Crucial, that because the academic process is not a neutral, disinterested, or because they believe West Point is "not like the real Army" (it certainly isn't), and because whatever they think first or vice versa, they're in the "right" place. They're not. Look at General Bond-oo. He finished last in his class. If you can find someone who's "good," that is, someone who's not a "bad" person, you might as well do, and it may well be argued that the prevailing moral climate inside the Academy will coincide fairly, with present perceptions of the world. But that's not the point. None of these things suggests, however, that the state should be changed. "A cadet will not fit in, cheat or steal or tolerate." What about the toleration principle? Leave it in. If forced education and training are to be persuasive, they must be in a place where the student is not a controlled education where the student is

100



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London, New York, Rome, San Francisco
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sniffer as high as they are in combat war as they are seen at West Point, what must be expected of them in their professions. The *My Lai* tragedy in its cover-up phase occurred because officers tolerated what they knew was unbearable. It was the old Drayton business. We (the Army high command) cannot tell the public, admit to the public, that we were wrong about Captain Drayton because the reputation of the Army would not stand for it. The *My Lai* covering happened because Army officers would not . . . talk.

By the end of July, a small group of charged or "found" cadets was lobbying legislators in Congress for the dropping of charges against themselves and their classmates, for their exoneration and reinstatement. The leader of this happy group, Cadet Ringgold, who wound out of New York congressman Thomas Downey's office, has become, in the last few months, one of the more cynical products of an environment that has collected more than its share of cynics, and, on July 31, "Can you see the point in this thing? We're got the Army by the balls, and when you've got somebody by the balls, their hearts and minds are sure to follow. You've just got to squeeze a little . . . you should use the power base I've got down here!" It is all marvelously calculated, Ringgold—and West Point is getting a serious diversion, compensation for having charged him with tolerating. But the enterprise is as sick as the abuse of the honor code and system that Cadet Ringgold would like to eliminate. In reduced but obvious ways, quite good—the "subliminal" One consideration of the charged cadets' summer rap was that St. Thomas' was also to well-known, public, fully established before they have to improve.

In fact, Ringgold's progress was simple to focus national attention on the scandal, left the investigation out of the hands of those at West Point, and to "downgrading" that hundreds and hundreds of medals, the code regularly—even if they did not shed as the *PR* 384 again—got them all revealed and the honor system charged.

As a matter of fact, there should be a couple of changes in its administration. First, there should be punishment for those responsible for various categories of breaches of the code, breaches of the very type, violations committed by those improperly or insufficiently integrated in the code, mainly phony, and some violations which are self-reported. ("See, yesterday when you asked if I had done twenty push-ups, and I said yes—well, I had only done nineteen . . .")

Second, every cadet at West Point, including only phony during their first six months at the Academy, should wear a term of five or three months on the honor committee. This applies a one-year phony course in military justice for the very of a mythical military status, and the honor code itself, and its stress for a military academy and its graduates.

The course could replace those that should be . . .

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**"Dear American Tourister:
Now they expect
bigger tips."**

Richard Victor, NY



The Verryle

Richard Nixon Goes to a Party

(Continued from page 117) we made to tell me to be sure to say hello to my parents.

When he shook my hand, I said, "You know, Mr. President, you have had some very bad things happen to you. But you have about the best daughter in the world, and that's an awfully good thing."

"I know. Of course, I know. Tricia's a great girl, too. They're wonderful girls." He looked as if he would cry, but he didn't.

We all went outside, where Nixon's car and its Secret Service escort were waiting. Mrs. Nixon looked so healthy and pretty that I told her, "You should really elect a husband to explain to women how they can look as good as you do."

She smiled. "I would tell them if I knew," she said.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Nixon got into the car and the Secret Service men started the engine. Julie stepped into the car and kissed her parents goodbye. As she stepped her father, whose face was hidden in the windows of the limousine, I heard him say, barely above a whisper, "You still my great big beautiful baby girl."

Julie got out, closed the door and the car drove away.

Oh, My Aching Back

(Continued from page 142) over to the next table.

He was the ultimate surgeon. My doctor Dave arrived hours—disregarding the time language—he skillfully went through the following steps: (1) cut deep into my left hip, (2) took shavings from a good hip socket in the pelvic bone, (3) hid those shavings down in the new bone exposed at L5/S1, and (4) sewed me back up again like a pair of pants with a torn pocket and a split seam.

Since then, nature has been allowed to take her mending course. For six months, going on a year, Ray has agonized over bone—those shavings in the grooves—ready to build new bone, and eventually a masculine but solid women plate has formed at the base of my spine. Around the crack. It is about the right size for a pot of butter and falls in my wash, even through the napkin of recovering skin, exactly like bone does.

The procedure is called a spinal fusion. It is painful and long and debilitating. Two days in the hospital, three months in a house at a minimum, and any reputable doctor has strict rules to be followed for a longer period. No riding a car. With everyone. Stand as he flat, but avoid, whenever possible, knee-into-knee. Recovery's a lot easier a week later than the old backache, and there is always the chance of paralysis, or "fused fusion"—in two, even twenty percent of the cases—leaving the spine so wobbly it is as if it were empty.

What's more, I have expended the

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The fashions editorially featured in this issue can be purchased at the following retail stores. This list is not intended to be a complete shopper's guide. If certain items have no store listed, or no store listed for your community, we have included the address of the manufacturer. A note or call should get you the name of a local store.

FACE 112
SHIRT
Pinky & Brown, Ltd.
112 Park Avenue South, N.Y.C. 10010

FACE 136
TIE/DIE SCARF
Bouquet of Italy
142 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. 10022
NEW JERSEY: 5 East River Road—Schlager's,
ROSELAND, N.J. 07068—Dunham's

FACE 117
PANTS
Dunham of Italy
142 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. 10022
NEW JERSEY: 5 East River Road—Schlager's
PERFORMANCE: Philadelphia—Dunham's,
10015 MARKET, Philadelphia—Casper Sports Center

FACE 118
VEST
Bouquet of Italy
142 E. 57th St., N.Y.C. 10022
NEW JERSEY: 5 East River Road—Schlager's
FLORIDA: 10015 MARKET—Casper Sports Center

FACE 121-122
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whole thing out, and it seems, in my case, to me thousands of dollars. That, as a rough indicator, puts me at one-tenth of one percent of a ten-million dollar loss. About right? The question is, at that low rate of yield on that much discomfort, and considering this is, after all, elective surgery, is it really worth it?

I won't say that my partially lame back lets me perform any great new feats of derring-do. I am not not meeting success, or frontlining past schools of dolphins at play, or even serving very hard into the backhand court yet. I estimate that I have regained about eighty percent of the actual, functional, genuine I formerly possessed, and none of the feistful agility and grace I believed myself were also once mine. In other words, I can now just about get out there and read a letter with the best of them.

But I will say that having been the much openly restored to uprightiness has given me a new, and curious, and I think colorful, sense of self. I remember reading some years ago a learned book about the self that wondered, among other puerilities, where the self might be bodily located. Most people, of course, will point either inwardly at a spot on the forehead above and between the eyes or lay an open palm upon the breast. Either head or heart. But I have a third spot, I suspect, one I constantly feel with my knowledge by rubbing there up and down the busy, lumbering rear part of a rly and somehow picture of a man's project.

For a crack in the backbone, I have discovered, can produce not only nagging physical pain, but a break with the self there is. It is a feeling of apocalyptic awe, lack of backbone, etc., i.e., all the metaphors for weakness of will come true, and that is why the surgical intervention—when it is the only way left—worth the gamble. Admittedly, there may never be a total recovery of the columnar strength of the spine. Great off one or two months. But what a relief of the spirit to know that, once again, the backbone connected to the backbone (C1, C7), backbone connected to the backbone (T1, T12), backbone connected to the backbone (L1, L5), backbone connected to the backbone (S1, S5), can hear the Word of the Lord. **A**

1975

*My father's grandfather
sat in a small room
playing shuffleboard songs on a table
& among men & over
there will be a great war
there will be a great war
a fine old bloodstained man
everyday looked at when he walked
a learned man a scholar
there will be a great war*

—Norm Thomas



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Company's coming. The fire's going nicely. There's plenty of ice. You take one last look around the room before your friends arrive, snitching a Smokehouse® almond from the bowl on the table. Remember what a hit those almonds were the last time? Everytime you turned around, the dish was empty. Fantastic flavor! No wonder they say, "One Nibble is Never Enough." It's true.

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COMING UP IN DECEMBER ESQUIRE



Truman Capote's Christmas Gift to America: Kate McCloud!

Answered Prayers will continue to unfold next month when Esquire publishes another chapter from Capote's now notorious work in progress. And *what* a chapter: the mysterious and wondrous Kate McCloud, whose tragedy and beauty so moved narrator P.B. Jones in the May Esquire, emerges fully drawn for the first time. Esquire is proud to present this next installment of the literary sensation of the Seventies. But, again we must warn you: to avoid disappointment, make sure you're at the newsstand early. Like the best-selling May issue, December Esquire promises to be the hottest book in town.

DECEMBER ESQUIRE
Capote on McCloud
ON SALE NOVEMBER 18

(continued from page 114)

The most interesting, however, is not nature's toxicity in and of itself but its muted role in the formation of cancer-causing substances. To understand what we're up to with this stuff, no need was perspective in what they are and how they formed.

In medical parlance, there are two primary ways that cancer lesions can originate: *in vivo* and *in vitro*. The latter is called "in vitro carcinogenesis," which refers to how cancer is chemically induced in the test tubes of a research lab. In *in vivo* carcinogenesis, the sort that we found in the F.D.A. and U.S.D.A. studies is how very few are primarily because of (b) and (c) above (they cover the largest health risk known in 1972). The U.S.D.A. is now reforming the law, and consequently *in vitro* carcinogenesis studies have been going on since. Unfortunately this has not solved the problem of trying and testing.

In *in vitro* studies, cells that are cooked at high temperatures, heat, it seems, steps up the *in vitro* carcinogenesis reaction. This is *in vitro* carcinogenesis problems occur in home, today, even at levels of phytic. To a lesser extent, the same holds true for "country-style" kielbasa, since it, too, is often fried at high temperatures. Judy (Glad) was loudly protesting as good medical advice when she suggested that bacon be prepared for discarding by boiling, which is a much safer low temperature process.

Today, the most serious has become more careful about over-sterilizing and consequently appears to have reduced *in vitro* carcinogenesis to undetectable levels in cured meats that aren't constantly fried. But it is important to note that the information the U.S.D.A. tests for are not a true measure of the carcinogenesis hazard to exist in a possible, situation, say, that these products may still be carrying other carcinogens that are not detected easily because detection procedures are still either primitive and limited (like if the frying is not done right), or the *in vitro* question may still be open.

For sure, however, the most obvious problem, even at least two directly carcinogenic, nitrosamines, and is a lesser extent diaminodibenzylamine, substances that are detected in fried hams, even though they would not be detected by the testing. An important argument, but just recently discovered about diaminodibenzylamine (DBN) in hams is that roughly percent of it is contained in the ham's protein, meaning that for every unit of DBN appearing in the cooked meat, another four units have been given off into the face of the cook.

But the worst, it appears, is yet to come. The second way that nitrosamines are formed is *in vivo*, or "in the living body." What happens here is that the ingested nitrite is converted to combine in the stomach with nitrous oxide from other sources at the same time it turns out that the nitrous oxide, the known carcinogenic, provides a favorable chemical environment for this reaction to take place. There is now no

question that this reaction can be prevented experimentally in the stomachs of lab animals, and that when it is, tumors are the result. Testing in humans is just now getting underway. Among the main problems looking back better answers to *in vivo* nitrosamine in humans is the almost infinite variety of animals we measure at our dot every day.

Included in this assortment of various reactive sources are natural sources in many products, including eggs, fish, meats, and dairy, and also in beer, wine, and especially meat. In addition, reactive sources also come in many commonly used drugs. In fact Dr. Luskens has compiled a list of over one thousand drugs that are capable of combining with food nitrite, including antibiotics, anesthetics, tranquilizers, small diuretics, and antipsychotics, sedatives, and many others. Luskens himself stopped eating nitrite-treated meats years ago. As yet little is known about the true scope of nitrosamine, *in vivo*, but the theoretical possibilities are almost endless. Until further testing is done, we can only imagine the potential carcinogenic potential of a broad list of hams, eggs, toast, tea, cigarettes, meats, and a mounting dose of a drug like Librium or Coumadin.

Trying to control the relative dangers of *in vivo* and *in vitro* nitrosamines, given all the unknowns, is all but impossible at present. Consumer advocate Ralph Jacobson points to bacon, in particular, arguing that such things we know for sure is that there are carcinogens in every part of fried hams, and that their meat is heavily nitrite-dosed. On the other hand, Dr. David Fine, who works on the nitrosamine factor for an independent research corporation, feels that the problem of carcinogenesis in the stomach may ultimately prove far more serious since it potentially involves not only hams but all salted meats, plus the relative amount of reactive nitrite, plus the growth rate array of nitrosamines we know nothing about.

"The one handled or an experiment that have been tested," says Dr. Fine, "have just shown nitrosamine, because they looked nitrosamine. And there are thousands of them. Only because of them, the so-called nitrite nitrosamine, can be detected with the gas chromatographic techniques now available for most samples." Dr. Fine cautions, however, that these findings may not be overly as dangerous as the values of nitrosamine measurements that remain untested. "DBN and N-nitrosopyrrolidine may be irrelevant," says Fine. "They are very likely a small part of the total nitrosamine, although the nitrosamine. More accurate measuring of nitrosamine are being developed now, but it'll be a year or two before we start seeing the results." Dr. Fine himself stopped eating nitrite-treated meats years ago.

Fortunately, there is also some heartening research. The good news is that nitrosamine, the primary carcinogenic, has proved effective in scavenging residual nitrite and also in interfering

with the nitrosamine reaction in its stomach. As sources of nitrosamine, a non-nitrosamine chemical known as sodium erythorbate, also seems to possess these capabilities. These chemicals, too, particularly erythorbate, have been used for years as other additives in cured hams and meats, though not to quantitatively prevent nitrosamine or with any deliberate attempt to reduce cured nitrite.

Today, under pressure and following the lead of some major players, the American Meat Institute is recommending that either ascorbate or erythorbate be added in larger quantities in all cured hams, in addition to reducing sodium nitrite from 800 p.p.m. to 150 p.p.m. This, they say, "should result in levels of nitrosamine much too low to measure." These recommendations have also been adopted by the U.S.D.A. in its own regulatory proposals. Nitrite researcher Dr. Mervin Tauskman of M.I.T., when asked if the addition of ascorbate or erythorbate to cured meats meant nitrosamine protection for the consumer, replied that "it's very complicated, but basically the answer is 'yes'."

The A.M.I. and the U.S.D.A. should be applauded for these proposals, but they are still not nitrosamine preventive, and some serious doubts remain as to whether they go far enough away. Recent studies show that erythorbate added in the quantities recommended by the U.S.D.A. (500 p.p.m.) is still not sufficient to reduce nitrosamine in fried hams below the suspected cancer threshold. In a related study, Dr. B. Presman pointed out, cannot be considered safe in any case. Other studies show that quantities which do not seem to cause nitrosamine at least *in vitro* (1000 p.p.m.), tend to interfere with nitrite's nitrosamine-reducing ability. Hence the U.S.D.A.'s compromise at 500 p.p.m. apparently the problem is even more complicated than the addition of either ascorbate or erythorbate can solve.

Also a problem is the fact that ascorbate and/or ascorbate are recommended only for hams, leaving no incentive against the possible use of *in vitro* nitrosamine from other cured meats, unless vitamin C is otherwise present in the meat in sufficient quantities. Another possibility is that nitrosamine-reducing substances may be forming *in vivo* in cured meats not treated with ascorbate-erythorbate. Still another concern is that the nitrosamine-reducing nitrosamine erythorbate rather than nitrosamine ascorbate, because it's slightly more efficient as a color enhancer, ascorbate is almost certainly being used. In erythorbate has been very limited in spite of the fact that it remains with some areas after the U.S.D.A.-U.S.D.A. recommendations are adopted.

That the American Meat Institute recognizes the problem is demonstrated by the fact that it is the only source of information distributed by the A.M.I., which is after all a lobbying organiza-

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tion, does not actually prevent the full truth. Then *Nature* suggests, for example, that *antiparallelism* is the only position with fixed bases, which is simply not true, and that these reconstructions will solve the problem, which is far from proven true either, even on the limited basis of x-ray crystallography. The A.M.I. also points out statements to disprove their critics that have absolutely no basis in reality, such as claims that "for a hundred years in row, any risk from eating bones (especially in the original paper release) would have to consume 10,000 pounds of meat every day of one's life." It also seems like this information even the meat-packer.

It is in this light that we have to be aware of another. Could it be, the A.M.I., that the average American gets over two-thirds of his intake intake from the off-shore or overseas fruits and vegetables, which are produced in the active breed, down into earth. The associated disease is obviously, "Oh, well, if fresh and organic, how much of the stuff, who worries about it? But the full fact is that the fruits and leafy greens vegetables must often identified in actual sources of high intake food, also every high level of intake of Nalox, if serious, has been thought enough to bring in the outside along with the poison.

By now it must seem that the above-solution would be to ban the use of active in food needs altogether. This is not at all obvious to the average person, who feel that while it is an irresponsible element that performs these valuable services at once. Without advice, they, like, cannot make up their mind a high level of risk; consumers would reject them on another ground; and could meet would no longer have need. Industry spokesmen say waste is essential, especially under modern conditions of long-range transport and long-term storage, and they have an intention of maintaining it under future law.

As California meat-packer Tom Clougherty Jr. puts it, "If, then, we can't use it, we can't use it. But every body will do along with it unless it's banned. In my opinion the meat-packing industry is very close to change. Nobody wants to be the underdog in an untried change in new packaging, processing, or formulation." Certain breakfast manure like Clougherty's Farmer John brand, incidentally, is the only natural-free processed meat products you're likely to find in most American supermarkets today, the area reason being that color fixing is necessary in conventional commercial. If this food store you can sometimes find nutritious hot dogs, salami, and bologna instead the British Farmer brand and a few other land products. These products are shipped and sold frozen, eliminating any bacterial hazard. Apparently, meat-free bologna is harder to make commercially, for it is sold by only one small packer in Bronx City, Iowa (see The Kibitz Meat-packer elsewhere on these pages). These meats are more potent alternative products of temper-



"I gotta get that!"

ture that kill *Chlamydia pneumoniae* appear 1987 P1. In ordinary processing the temperature would render the fat and turn the bones black into a gross colored mass.

These examples, however limited, show that getting rid of waste is an unworkable, let us alone, the why the meat-packer say it can't be accomplished.

The prevention of botulism in the meat market, then, is not. Botulism is caused by a serious disease of red blood muscle, but as a health threat today the meat industry greatly exaggerates its danger. From 1960 to 1987, there were six hundred forty outbreaks of botulism reported in America, averaging less than three individual cases per outbreak. Almost all were related to a poor home-canning practice with very tables, only four were traced to commercial sources, and only eight of the total (four percent) were related to meat. On the average, the fatality rate was high, around 60 percent, but in recent years it has dropped to around twenty percent.

Another indication that botulism is an inflated issue is contained in a report issued in *Comprehensive L.I. Food*, the International Federation of Food Manufacturers in 1972, following extensive hearings. "The committee believes industry in the United States has the scientific and technological capability to develop adequate processing, packaging and marketing practices to protect the public against botulism without the need for questionable chemical preservatives." The congressional report also noted that "measures over botulism in its forming effective regulatory actions," and that U.S.D.A. P.D.A. consumers must justify their failure to take protective action against the excessive or unnecessary use of additives and additives." In contrast, both veterinarians are still free today.

The industry's response to this is that its alternative procedures exist. According to John Berdick of the A.M.I., "There are many other procedures that might do the job, if we start to change them by the billions of pounds, but then we're into a whole new set of technological problems. Solutions become at high levels might include biological, but I'd be accused to death to try it. With the others we'd have to use large quantities, too, with no idea of the long-term effects."

This makes sense, but for most or all meat sources processed today there are alternative anti-bacterial procedures that don't require chemicals at all. Instead, heat, for example, are sterilized with heat and require no preservatives whatever; the nitrate's only function is color. The same also applies to hot dogs, lunch meats, cooked hams, and bologna. This only means processing wouldn't also work for hams, which provides a good environment for anaerobic bacteria like botulism in ground meat. In fact, botulism is itself, however's emergency fat control would be rendered out.

Another alternative is freezing; in fact, single refrigeration is adequate

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For most of this country's history, and even today in products like livestock, breakfast cereals, and some truly "transgenic" pork, Americans have been strictly content with the splash color of naturally grown meats. Only in the century have we become so accustomed to the chemical goodness of the modern process that we think of it as natural and free. But this is not the justification for using additives at present levels. The Food and Drug Administration noted studies over twenty-five years ago showing that adding the p,p'-DDT to ground beef was equivalent to adding fat, which is only five percent of the amount now legally permitted. If we simply want to save our pocketbooks, we can't expect our meat levels could be reduced more than ten percent and we wouldn't know the difference.

The third justification for nitrite is cured meats, but this doesn't hold up well. The industry maintains that with out nitrite the curing tests would reach and taste test parts. But the fact is that nitrite is the main taste factor in bacon anyway. According to a British study presented to the 1970 international symposium, "Salt was shown to make a major contribution to bacon flavor, but sodium nitrite has no detectable taste at concentrations similar to those found in bacon." The differences between salt pork and bacon is blind comparison by flavor or odor was remarkable according to the study.

Another paper presented to that symposium, by the USDA's own A.E. Wasserman, reported that the same sensitivity applied to hot dogs. Wasserman cited consumer test results showing that "for some unexplained reason [?], all-brand frankfurters were accepted for the absence of nitrite," and that "in tests in which frankfurter flavor was scored, the smoked, non-nitritated sausage was rated as highly as the cured sample." The only useful note later that nitrite contributes to meat cured meats, apparently, is precluding shelf life and preventing rancidity (which is not poisonous) and the consumer opens the package ("Case of flavor," Wasserman concluded, "could therefore be regarded as final").

With no visible evidence that nitrite use is truly "essential," as claimed by industry, we must not wonder why nitrite is used in so many products. The nitrite action is not a backhanded or clandestine use at all. The consumer gets the answer long something like this: The Delaney Amendment to the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act prohibits the introduction of any known carcinogenic into foodstuffs, but the new legislation also prohibits the introduction of any known carcinogenic into foodstuffs. So the U.S.D.A. is not permitted to allow the nitrosamine problem to be postponed as a scientific question involving future legislation. So the law has become the continuation at basic table and all the other levels on the horizon remain safe by default.

There is one more sample to consider: that the F.D.A. and the U.S.D.A. are mere puppets of industry, for at least in some respects their pro-

posals are held and go further than industry wants. The present state of affairs is instead the typical result of compromise and the painful slow part of bureaucratic mass and procedure, a reality belittled but ignored by the scientific evidence, the industry lobbyists, the fears of consumers, and natural doubt, within these agencies, these offices. You must judge for yourself if these compromises also compromise our safety.

On the other point, the Department of Agriculture—fundamentally responsible for meat safety subject to F.D.A. regulations—appears to be acting in clear violation of the law. Despite the U.S.D.A.'s besting firms, the regulations approve nitrite only for color fixing and not as a preservative. Legally, using nitrite for halting bacterial rot requires a formal U.S.D.A. proposal to the F.D.A., together with public hearings, to prove the necessity for such use. Such approval has never been granted. The U.S.D.A. also appears to be violating the Federal Advisory Committee Act, which requires before any permanent committee, by ordering to submit, causing a group to be represented on the expert panel it has convened to study the nitrite problem and make recommendations. Used the U.S.D.A. follows these rules and procedures, too. I don't think it deserves our good faith.

But the real root of the problem, I think, is the alibi-like theory of science that dominates our culture and the thinking of the USDA/FDA. According to Dr. Andrew Weil in his book, *The Natural Mind*, the underlying principle of allopathic practice is its philosophy of treating illness by counteracting the symptoms of illness. Without symptoms, there is no reason to be doing more. This view contrasts sharply with holistic-emphasis preventive medicine, which is the only sound way to conduct a make-it-better system. But in the history of the U.S.A. just demonstrates with English history, the barrier of professional status, as there is a kind of a food science in a sense, rather than on its manufacturers and about Translators two marketplace terms, this is the old and certain philosophy of current control or let the buyer beware.

An author Margaret Vermet and Jay Carpi put it in their book *Endless Meat*, they are eating our meat. The industry's USDA-FDA codebook seems to be its position that there is no substitute for nitrite, now or even. Their response to medical and scientific advice, driving ways to keep it in food rather than ways to get it out? I would not go quite as far as this, because the scientific data change in growing in both industry and government. Consumer fear has not caused the bottom to fall out of the healthily natural and natural system fifty years or more ago. At least one major factor (James Denny Flinn) in

new usage "nitrite-free" in their own advertising, and it probably won't be long before we see other nitrite-free alternatives more widely available. But until such time as all food additives are thoroughly tested and proved safe, a change of perspective is still in order. Without continuing public pressure and/or a new regime, it probably won't happen. As a U.S.D.A. official in Washington admitted to me over the phone, the Food Administration has protected the U.S.D.A. not to disrupt the industry of responsible industry.

In the meantime, I would suggest that consumers be very careful about their intake of nitrite meats and avoid being an alibi. Their meat intake even apart from the nitrosamine question, since many nitrite meats have unhealthy levels of fat. In the nitrite meat industry, some basic in particular, with a fat content of up to seventy percent, is more expensive per cooked pound than fat margin. If you do choose to eat these products, it would probably be wise to consume a generous amount of vitamin C along with them. A one-half-cup of orange juice per three- and a half-cup serving would approximate the level (1000 ppm) research has found effective. You should remember, though, that even vitamin C is no protective against the nitrosamines formed by nitrite meats as well. It can interact with nitrosamines, if present, but it can't stop nitrosamines already formed.

If you are of a more activist bent, you might also try expressing your concern to your congressman or supporting the activities of the Center for Science in the Public Interest and other consumer organizations challenging status quo. Depending on your feelings, you might ask that nitrite be banned altogether as unnecessary, that it be replaced in meats to directly with levels, that ascorbate (in preference to erythorbate) be added to all nitrite meats, or, as the Center for Science in the Public Interest proposes, that the health warning be required on all packages of bacon, cold nitrosamine are eliminated. But in our system, your main vote must be registered in the marketplace.

You should also be aware that nitrosamines are not just a problem in cured meats, they are entering our environment in many other ways, too. Nitrosamines have been found in the air over Baltimore at levels equivalent to or higher than a big meal of bacon (trans-fat mainly to a rocket-fuel plant) in cigarette smoke, levels of 30 micrograms per liter have been found up to 250 feet above ground, and more nitrosamine levels that this nitrosamine may prove the ultimate carcinogen to tobacco, possibly affecting even non-smokers by entering the ambient air supply. In our diet, nitrosamines represent a huge family of new chemical hazards we must now get acquainted with and learn how to combat. For long-term health and safety, the answers may not come in time in the spirit of my age, I feel vaguely doomed. ☐



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time as the elevator door slid shut and the nurse and I went up.

"Dumbass!" I thought loudly to myself. I didn't see, as soon as my left leg cleared.

Well, that sounds neat, I thought. Let's go down to the ground floor. We went waltz-like down a corridor, past little rooms. Other women looked out at us.

"What's all this?" I wondered, everything unfolded in that first hall of four.

I had my own room. A Nurse of the dress, I thought later, but I climbed over the high bed myself, like a tired cat obedient child.

The new clothes I was to wear to church all went in a chest. And they smiled on their day and announced their findings. "Two fingers," they said.

"Why doctors, they are some severe medical jargon for what they were doing." It sounded suspiciously like someone else's play to me, as if they were men, people.

It was such a quiet place. There was none of my mother's human screaming. Things must have changed. I decided, more or less.

After a while I was allowed, for substituting with the nurse, I supposed. More alone. Then a shock. I sat up, so, I decided, it was still some hope among the nurses. "What's going on?"

I asked someone to come in and visit me again without answering. "Hello!"

It was brief. Where was Howard now?

And then he was there. When had he come back, that shadowy, pale? And why were his eyes so dark with sympathy?

"It's nothing," I said several. "Stop looking like that."

Howard's eyes were as shadowed. Howard's eyes looked shadowed and he tried to say this was where his life had led him.

Howard didn't get better. Howard looked my back and looked me from the house of short doors with his mother, his restless movements. There were more and more and more and more. Howard's eyes were in a wall of protest.

But I had my own trouble. The nurse's words were meaning as clear as I was thirsty, but water wasn't permitted—only the rough taste of a washcloth across my face. I was made to wash my face and to look at it, that was it.

There was no discreet examination when I was alone. The nurse's words were in my face. They measured, looked and went away. A nurse walked a hypodermic into my thigh when I was looking.

"Hey, what's that?" I demanded. "I'm not supposed to have anything. This is a medical case, you know."

"Yes, because it's on my side," she said, looking at me.

"Thank you very much, then," I replied.

Howard seemed shocked by my rudeness but by the abrupt shift of mood.

"This is getting And?" I told him. But it wasn't what he wanted to hear.

They wheeled me at breakfast speed to the delivery room. Howard sat in a wheelchair, a wheeled chair trying to keep up with his lighter. "Almost there," he said, breathless.

Wasn't he here? It was under and under.

Despite everything, they stopped the door. "This is here!" I shouted.

"We want to promise places open in the hall."

"Oh, God, that building, again," a black nurse said.

"You trapped me into this," I told Howard. "I'll never forgive you, Nurse."

He was wearing a green surgical suit, and now he stood as proud and as proud as an auditor waiting for the long hall.

"Fingerless!" I said.

"Fingerless!" Dr. Kramer called. "How is my girl?"

"Just tell me what to do," Howard said.

"Why don't you hold her? There's left her a little and support her stomach."

"Stomach? Stomach? What were they talking about?"

I looked and Howard said, "My love, my love!" His eyes were brilliant with tears.

The whole room shuddered with pain. And I was the center of it, the spirit.

We Ain't Trash No More!

Howard took me to the delivery room, and now Howard's eyes were as dark with sympathy.

Howard didn't get better. Howard looked my back and looked me from the house of short doors with his mother, his restless movements. There were more and more and more and more. Howard's eyes were in a wall of protest.

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"Hey, what's that?" I demanded. "I'm not supposed to have anything. This is a medical case, you know."

"Yes, because it's on my side," she said, looking at me.

"Thank you very much, then," I replied.

Howard seemed shocked by my rudeness but by the abrupt shift of mood.

"This is getting And?" I told him. But it wasn't what he wanted to hear.

star of the universe. Who was trying to be born here again, Mary Dick?

"Almost," a wheeled chair trying to keep up with his lighter. "Almost there," he said, breathless.

Wasn't he here? It was under and under.

Despite everything, they stopped the door. "This is here!" I shouted.

"We want to promise places open in the hall."

"Oh, God, that building, again," a black nurse said.

"You trapped me into this," I told Howard. "I'll never forgive you, Nurse."

He was wearing a green surgical suit, and now he stood as proud and as proud as an auditor waiting for the long hall.

"Fingerless!" I said.

"Fingerless!" Dr. Kramer called. "How is my girl?"

"Just tell me what to do," Howard said.

"Why don't you hold her? There's left her a little and support her stomach."

"Stomach? Stomach? What were they talking about?"

I looked and Howard said, "My love, my love!" His eyes were brilliant with tears.

The whole room shuddered with pain. And I was the center of it, the spirit.

We Ain't Trash No More!

Howard took me to the delivery room, and now Howard's eyes were as dark with sympathy.

Howard didn't get better. Howard looked my back and looked me from the house of short doors with his mother, his restless movements. There were more and more and more and more. Howard's eyes were in a wall of protest.

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four-story, balanced town building gracefully flanking a shopping plaza and pedestrian streets of individual and converted row- and two-story villas. Each room has its own terrace and a few have their own swimming pools.

The villa floors are Italian marble, which also lines the bedrooms. No cars are allowed, only electric carts can travel the streets. Delicious treats serving on a terrace dot the five-hundred-yard beach. The swimming pool is a miniature tropical lagoon—real no manatees, at least—with waterfalls, a cove bar and two slides surrounded by a cove of rope and board furniture. Further rides include a one-hundred-foot water slide, a \$50,000-Peter Dinkhof canoe, three night-lighted ocean courts, water-skiing, surfing, speedboating, water-skiing, water skiing, deep-sea fishing and boating. Rates are from \$100 to \$180 a day, double.

But wait. Las Hadas now has a shal-lenger, Costa de Carayis, which is about as lush a drive south of Manzanillo. Here a Mexican-Equipean financial group has begun the plot operation of a major resort and condominium development covering 2500 acres and eight miles of rugged coastline that is nothing short of spectacular. The Plaza Carayis is a beautiful landscaped cluster of condominium units and a world-class swimming hotel that is exquisitely furnished and decorated. Short-term plans for the development include a vast range of recreational facilities. A 300-room, Club Mediterranean is already operating in the vicinity, and eventually Costa de Carayis is to encompass ten hotel sites, the Pacific Carayis resort, a village, a village,

and lots, hangover cures and small farms. There won't be any faking of credentials, though, since the development is a series of small projects. Papaya, mango and avocado are cultivated on nearby farms, and low-growing green in the rugged hills, the home of wild goats and horses, deer and mountain lion. Rates for rooms and suites at the 2000 Plaza Carayis have not been set at the time of writing, but they will be offered under a Modified American Plan.

If you travel with other people, however, you might be interested by the property presented by the Plaza Hada, just a short way from the Pacific Carayis estate, where there are beachside detached cottages, each with private bath, share a living and dining area and a 200-yard palm-lined stretch of pink sand. A Mexican cook and bartender are just an attached service from the hotel, and there's a boat for the exclusive use of the cottagers. The beautiful fish are not fishing, diving or lobstering off a nearby wheelchair island, and the cook serves you fresh catch. All-inclusive cost of the whole stay is \$100 a day, and with a couple's occupancy each cottage that breaks down to \$120 daily per couple. Should you ever want to leave, you'll drive back to Manzanillo, catch an American flight to either Guadalajara or Mexico City, and change planes for home. The air fare from New York, for example, would be about \$770 in first class or \$400 economy, and that would take you from New York to Guadalajara, Puerto Vallarta, Manzanillo and back. ☐

Have yourself an **easy** Merry Christmas.



As wonderful as Christmas is—and it certainly is wonderful—we all know what a hassle it can be.

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And the not-finding.

And the more looking.

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And have an Easy Merry Christmas!



**"I Had Almost Given Up On My Hair Problem
Until I Discovered Vitamins For My Hair."**

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

Blackman, 3416

It Works.
Believe me I had a problem five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I wrote my dissertation I got no encouragement. One doctor even plagiarized the only way to write my hours as it put it in his society deposit box. Ironically, he hid less than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and wavy) spined me on. I had a cure. I started buying the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritional reports show vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep your hair healthy. And one nutritionally-acclaimed beauty and health specialist says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. He notes the direst cases in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to instantly thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.

Believe The End
Is Nigh

Then
started
reading
all the
data on
nutrition
I could get



Scientists have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body its own.

One cluster at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, prenatal exposure, even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin — (may not be sufficient for scalp and hair).

In the Human Brain Symposium conducted in 1993 scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.



In case after case, my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I derived for my own use called for 7 minutes and 9 seconds. The only problem now I discovered was spending about \$30 a month for the separate components.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, **Head Start** was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement, specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. *At a most economical cost, of course!*

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than 1/2 of our users are females!

Today as you can see, from the picture my own hair is greatly improved. That doesn't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Lined up the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, and were they paid a cent to draw me a line.

Notice: Items

Dr. Wilson

Your product has inspired the
wonder of my hair and as far as I'm con-
cerned has done everything you said it
to do! C. R. Santos Rosa, Calif. I can
honestly say that your comprehensive
program is the best I have received. I
have two letters. E. H. New Orleans

I have had problem hair all my life
would you please help me with a treatment.
W H Castleton, Va.

psychiatrists look much better than before. C. E. Atlanta, Ga.

My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail.

S.H. Martin, La.
It's hard to believe that after one short
month I am on this such different
L.H. Charlton, N.C. The texture of
my hair is soft and not brittle any more
H.A. Brown, N.Y. Tons of worms are
terrible, fatuous and unbelievable
V.M. Carroll, Ga. I went to doctors
and everything nothing happened
and I started using Head Start R.A.
Scott, Ariz. Calif.

Thank you for something that really works! J. T. Headly, N.Y. Just 11 months ago, I said, "They have helped me!" Dr. D. Chubb, Wash. These pills really work. Mrs. C. E. Gaudin, Ala. "I've formed a really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than it ever before!" H. L. S. Hollywood, Fla.

Believing Our

Traditional Money Back Guarantee. It Works.

Try Head Start for 30 days. If you find that the results you receive are not satisfactory in every way, you can return the unused portion and get your money back less like above. No questions asked.

Head Start is not a magical talisman preserving a. It's vitamins and minerals everyone's hair needs for health.

[illegible]

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